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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRANCE OFFENDS SWITZERLAND

WHAT might seem to the superficial observer to be merely a tempest in a teapot, owing to the comparatively small importance of the original subject under consideration, — namely, the confirmation of the so-called 'free zones' agreement of 1919 between France and Switzerland, — has led to action on the part of M. Poincaré that the Franco-Swiss press does not hesitate to call high-handed, while the German-Swiss papers go so far as to speak of an ultimatum. There can be no doubt that, whatever the merits of the case may be, all circles in Switzerland, of whatever political complexion, are highly indignant and defiant.

The convention of 1919, regarded by the Swiss as temporary until ratified by a referendum, according to the Swiss constitution, has to do with certain artificial customs-boundaries which do not coincide with the political frontiers. It is hardly worth while to go into the details of the arrangement, but the important point is that, when it was subjected to a referendum of the people, it was disapproved and therefore could not be ratified. When the French Government was informed of this result, M. Poincaré addressed a letter to the Swiss Minister at Paris, expressing surprise, impatience, and the 'confident hope' that Switzerland would nevertheless, and in spite of the referendum, proceed to ratify the convention. Among other things he said:—

> In acknowledging the receipt of your communication I find myself compelled to inform you that the French Government is not of the opinion that the reasons given by the Federal Government for not ratifying the convention of August 7, 1921, are valid (*fondées*). . . .
>
> The Swiss Government certainly does not mean to cite as authoritative a referendum rendering inoperative a convention regularly concluded with France in realization of and conformity with the agreement of 1919.
>
> I shall be very much obliged if, in explaining these considerations to the Federal Government, you will kindly request that it confirm, with the least possible delay, its agreement with the Government of the Republic, by carrying into effect the convention of the seventh of August, 1921.

It is, of course, in the phrase, 'with the least possible delay,' that the Swiss see an ultimatum; and the *Baseler Nachrichten* is of the opinion that Poincaré's 'note has for its object the preparation of Switzerland for France's next step, which will be the consolidation of the Customs cordon with the Swiss frontier — in other words the arbitrary abandonment of all free-zones arrangements.'

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The Swiss *Nationalzeitung*, referring to the excuse that the Swiss had for some time tacitly agreed to the convention and should therefore promptly ratify it, chides the French for splitting hairs and asking Switzerland to disregard her constitution. The *Journal de Genève*, usually very pro-French, quotes M. Poincaré against himself from an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as follows: —

'France has always been, and still remains, the acknowledged spokesman of the great ideas that lead humanity onward. But she displays a pathetic weakness in the art of exploiting her qualities and her actions.'

Must we believe that M. Poincaré, now that he has become head of his Government, is too absorbed by matters of state to correct errors which he once denounced? It is to be hoped that the Cabinet presided over by M. Raymond Poincaré, being now in possession of the reply of the Federal Council, will consider in a broad way the question of Franco-Swiss relations, and will think twice before casting a shadow upon those which the most ancient of all democracies maintains with the French Republic.

It is satisfactory to note that several French periodicals of standing are of the opinion that a way will be found to arrange matters without offending further the susceptibilities of the Swiss.

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YUGOSLAV ELECTIONS

THE mutual antagonism of Serb and Croat seems to be coming to a head in the South-Slav Kingdom, and it is even rumored that M. Raditch has threatened to form an independent Croat Republic, though many believe that this is merely a political ruse, and that M. Raditch really desires Yugoslav unity, though on a federal basis.

The Radical Party that at present is in office, with the veteran M. Pashitch as Prime Minister, stands for a centralized Government in Yugoslavia, as do also the Democrats. The opposition comes from the Croatian Agrarians, led by M. Raditch, and other Federalist parties. At the general election last Sunday the Radicals won 120 seats, the Croatian Agrarians 70, and the Democrats 50, the remaining 68 seats being divided between smaller groups.

As more than four fifths of the Yugoslav people live by agriculture, it is no wonder that all political parties have to a certain extent a dash of agrarianism. The Radicals, as has been pointed out in a previous article, were originally a peasant party, and the Democrat programme also covers rural interests and agrarian reform. The Croat Republican Peasant Party and the Croat Agricultural Labor Party are peasant parties in a more narrow sense, but both of them lay at least as much stress on Croat separatism as on agrarian and social reform. Peasant parties in the strictest acceptation of the term are the Peasant League (Zavez Zemljoradnika), the Agricultural Labor League (Zavez Težačka), the Agricultural Labor Union (Težačka Sloga), and the Independent Peasant Party (Samostojna Kmetijska Stranka). These four parties formed in the National Assembly the Club of Agriculturists, which comprised 39 members.

The most important of these, the Peasant League, is an avowed class-party whose members call each other 'brother,' and whose bitter language against the 'bourgeois' and the 'dictatorship of capital' is first cousin to the Socialist idiom. The fundamental idea of the Peasant League may be expressed by a modification of the famous formula of the Abbé Sieyès: 'What is the peasant? Nothing! What ought he to be? Everything.' From being pariahs the peasants are to be awakened to the consciousness of their human dignity. The chief demands of their programme are army reform,

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electoral reform, and agrarian reform with expropriation of the big landowners without indemnity.

The Peasant League, indeed, is intended to be the starting-point of a great movement to introduce an entirely new social order. By means of the coöperative agricultural societies, of which there are more than 4000 in Yugoslavia with over 200,000 members, they believe that a gradual transformation of society can be brought about.

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BRAZILIAN FINANCE AND TRADE

THERE has been during the past few months a distinct appreciation in the price of Brazilian securities, a condition which is accepted in certain quarters with some suspicion, in our opinion unreasonably. Although the fall in the value of milreis is puzzling at first sight, there can be no doubt that it was solely in consequence of the very great financial liabilities incurred by the Government, mostly in connection with the war. On the other hand, the improvement in securities is owing to the all-round effort — a successful one — of the Government to reduce expenditures. This has been done in almost all fields controlled by the Government.

The official returns of the foreign trade of Brazil for the first nine months of 1922 show a favorable balance of trade exceeding $65,000,000, and there is no reason to doubt that there has been no decrease in this favorable tendency during the time which has elapsed since then. Whereas an impression has prevailed that Brazil has been importing foreign commodities out of all proportion to her exports, the actual fact is that she has been exporting in international values a considerably greater amount than she was importing. If she keeps on cutting down expenditures, the rise of the milreis cannot long be prevented; and general prosperity will ensue, as ought to be inevitable in a country so rich in national wealth as Brazil, which enjoys a singularly fine climate, with practically no desert land, owing to a very general rainfall. This, for a tropical and semitropical country, is remarkable.

Nevertheless, only about one fifth of her enormous area is under cultivation, owing principally to a lack of capital, which must come for the most part from abroad. At the same time one great danger, as in most South American countries, is foreign ownership. Part of Brazil's difficulties have been due to undertaking to subsidize foreign enterprises, which, having recognized, she must of course sustain; but it is certainly the part of wisdom to encourage native investors as much as possible. This should not be very difficult, when the generous terms she offers to investors are considered.

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A FRENCH FEMININE REFERENDUM

THE Paris correspondent of the Milan *Corriere della Sera* has made a number of interesting discoveries in regard to the French feminine soul, after a close study of Parisian women's magazines. One of these magazines put the following questions to its readers: Whom would you advise a friend to marry? To what nationality would you prefer to belong if you were not French?

The replies were more than twenty thousand in number, and the results very eloquent, as well as significant, for the reason that undoubtedly these ladies fairly represented modern French femininity. 'Time was,' says the correspondent, 'when first place in the heart of woman was usurped by the romantic poet, the artist, the handsome army-officer, or the irresistible opera tenor. But it is evident that the day of sentimental dreams is gone. Our epoch is a

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practical one. Girls no longer have any sympathy with the haughty heroine of *Le Maître des Forges*, who treated her engineer husband so shabbily. To-day the most popular candidate for the position of husband is the industrial. Out of the twenty thousand votes more than nine thousand went to him, leaving far behind his chief rival, the scientist. A poor third was the banker. Next came the moving-picture actor, followed by the playwright and the musician. A scattering fifty yearned for singers. Verily the romantic aura of the tenor has faded, whereas the lawyers registered a thousand votes. A reaction is evidently taking place, for the gallant aviator, once the cynosure of all feminine eyes, cuts a poor figure; and it may be said in general that the glamour of the military uniform is in the descendant. No doubt the mourning-veils of innumerable widows and mothers cannot help impressing the young girls.

'The answers to the second question are no less interesting. The American woman scores a triumph, winning a vast majority of the votes cast. Is this to be interpreted as homage to the men of America who recently fought on French soil and formed many sentimental attachments, or simply as meaning that all the women of the glorious republic are supposed to be rich, even unto millions? In any case it is very likely that the American ladies chosen for imitation are those who spend large sums in the shops of Paris and pay such expensive homage to the elegance of our capital.

'After the transatlantic ladies, though at a respectful distance, it must be confessed, come the sympathetic Italians, the British being in third place. A knowledge of French women precludes any suspicion that any votes were influenced by political considerations, for these charming beings give evidence of such profound indifference toward politics that they are the despair of the small group of French feminists. There is therefore no reason to believe that the second largest vote went to Italy in consideration of the economic agreement just entered into by the two countries!

'It is evident that the male ideal of French women to-day is the business man who works hard and takes chances, and is ready to spend his money freely.'

WALK ON THE LEFT

We hear little to-day of the discussion carried on in England immediately after the close of the war concerning the 'drive to the right' question. The ancient force of tradition has again prevailed. In some cities, however, — notably Manchester, — the attempt is being made to be consistent, and to walk, as well as drive, to the left. The experiment does not seem to be an immediate success, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, which says: —

'Heedless of the "Safety first" warnings to walk on the left of the pavement, Manchester people are still walking on the right. Here and there you may see a policeman slowly beating up against a powerful stream of pedestrians, the only man in all those preoccupied crowds who is, so to speak, in step; but the force of his example is altogether insufficient to influence the man who is taking the same flurried way to his train that he has taken ever since he chose Prestwich or Heaton Mersey for his home.

'Yesterday Corporation workmen were still hopefully busy clamping further warnings to the lamp-posts and electric standards. All the trams were supplied with an abbreviated form of the same notice. Later in this rather leisurely campaign will come the issue

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of posters. If they also fail of their effect, an official at the Manchester Town Hall yesterday supposed that some more clamant form of appeal would be undertaken. He hoped, however, that the notices already hung would slowly impinge upon the public consciousness; and it is a point for those interested in crowd psychology to observe if and when, and for what precise reason, this impingement will take place.

'Will everybody suddenly and wonderfully rise one morning determined to honor the modest white-and-red notices, or will there be a day in the course of which the change will slowly work itself out, by imperceptible gradations, so that a man who leaves his house walking on the right will be surprised to find himself going home on the left? It is to be feared that the change, when it does come, will be a slow business and that there will be a stage at which the opposing streams will mingle somewhat turbulently.

'The sooner this brief turbulent period is arrived at and passed through the better, unless, as at Leicester, the Boy Scouts are to be requisitioned to march with their banners the way all good citizens should go. At Birmingham, it will be remembered, the Corporation found that warnings painted on the pavements were effectual. It would seem that it is more difficult to walk against arrows on the ground than merely to ignore a notice. Evidently some sort of example is needed before the sensible rule of the footpath is adopted in Manchester.'

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'BUDGET HYSTERICS'

WISE men in Great Britain, which the *Sunday Times* lately described as an 'economic Bedlam,' are warning against an excess of joy over the British revenue surplus of over one hundred million pounds, surprising though it be when it is considered that the year, judged by every commercial test, was a bad one. But the saving has been on account of underspending, and leaves little room for reduced taxation, so much desired. On this general subject the *Westminster Gazette* of April 5 says, under the heading 'Budget Hysterics': —

'In his task of preparing the Budget Mr. Stanley Baldwin is being bombarded by the press hysterics with which we are made familiar at this time of year. His advisers seldom know the difference between the realized surplus of last year and the prospective surplus of this. They will grasp the truth when they see the actual figures. The crudest suggestion is that the surplus of last year shall be used as if it were a sum of a hundred millions in hand and could be applied to reducing taxation next year.

'What has actually happened to that surplus is that from week to week as it came to the Treasury it was used to reduce floating indebtedness. It is not in the coffers of the Treasury, but has gone into the market. The only means by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer could again recover the money is by borrowing a hundred millions. To that extent he would be guilty of inflation, with all the evil effects upon prices, wages, and the whole round of commercial transactions which inflation has. Whatever may be assumed of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, it is safe to say that he will avoid a colossal blunder of that kind.

'The two factors in creating the surplus of last year are (1) the reductions made in the expenditure that was anticipated and (2) the squeezing of the income-tax payer who was in arrears. Ninety-six millions of overdue income-tax was collected. Had it not been for the pressure exercised by Somerset House the yield of the income-tax,

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instead of being fifty millions more than the Budget calculation, would have been fifty millions less than that figure. That means of obtaining revenue has dried up. The arrears have been so reduced that there is practically none left to collect.

'That fact reduces enormously the amount of income-tax that can be gathered in this year, apart altogether from the fact that the tax will be collected on an average of three years two of which have been bad years. Sir Robert Horne may well be right in his calculation that eighty millions less will be received in income-tax in the next twelve months. If that is the case the prospect of any considerable surplus disappears at once.

'Sir Robert Horne and others are quite entitled to urge that a surplus should be used in cutting down taxation rather than reducing debt, but there must be a surplus before either of these courses can be taken. We believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will feel justified in taking the optimistic view of trade through 1923 and will budget for a surplus. That surplus, however, will be comparatively small in amount. It will certainly not allow of a tenth part of the reductions in taxation to which he is being urged.

'In these matters a Chancellor is bound to be a realist. He cannot afford to reduce taxation and find himself with a deficit at the end of the year. To do that would be to make increased taxation again necessary, and nothing could be more disastrous to the popularity of any Government. Our advice to those who are concerned about the Budget is to keep the rein upon their hopes. While the expenditure of the country remains at eight hundred millions or more, only an immense development of our trade and industry can bring taxation down in any substantial measure.'

MINOR NOTES

THE tempo of the modern German political music may be appreciated by a study of the statistics given in the last edition of Reclam's *Universum*. For thirty years the course of German history was practically directed by one man — Bismarck. In the four years of the existence of the new German Republic there have been successively in office two hundred and ninety-four ministers of various kinds in the several states. Of these seventy-three were originally editors or writers, sixty-two commercial managers and secretaries, sixty-two lawyers, twenty-one merchants, sixteen metal-workers, thirteen farmers, eleven professors, six teachers, six woodworkers, six manufacturers, five innkeepers, five printers; the rest belonging to a number of other trades and professions.

This would not seem to predicate remarkable efficiency. It is interesting to remember that Spain, in the hundred years immediately preceding her war with the United States, had an average of more than one Minister of Marine every year.

THE tiny republic of San Marino has followed the example of its big brother, Italy, and become Fascist. The two new Captains Regent, elected on March 15, who will hold office for six months from April 1, are both Fascisti, and a friend of theirs, Signor Bottai, prominent among the Roman elect, pronounced the inaugural address. It will be remembered that Signor Mussolini is a Romagnole, and the politics of the Romagna have generally influenced those of San Marino.

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SENSE OR SUICIDE?

BY J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer, March 25*
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

Solomon complained of all things, but if he had mentioned instances he might have dwelt upon the vanity of argument. In public and private the usual futility of abstract discussion may be observed. It arises from one weakness which does not cease to be singular because it is prevalent. Good argument is a sharp process of investigation, leading by mutual criticism to some nearer ascertainment of truth. In practice this method is as rare as it is searching. Nearly all verbal dispute, whether vocal or printed, becomes a sterile combat of assertion and counter-assertion, leaving each opponent more tightly fixed in a preconceived opinion. It is a clash of flint and steel that gives the sparks without the light.

Nothing is much harder than to bring men in general to an honest comparison of relative merits and defects when they beat up their contentions. Each disputant magnifies the mote in his neighbor's eye and ignores the beam in his own. Each contrasts the best that can be said on his own side with the worst that can be said against the opposite. One puts on green spectacles, the other blue, and they hold forth about the color of life in terms of incurable contradiction.

The House of Commons in these grave times has amused itself by a debate on Socialism *versus* Capital. It was a stimulating exercise in itself, but threw not a particle of light on any practical problem before the country. Our difficulties threaten the common foundations of all interests alike. We can only recover by a common national effort definitely enlisting the coöperation of all classes. Abstract talk upon the maintenance or overturn of the existing system of society is like the quarreling of men on a raft about rival theories of salvation.

The international crisis, political and economic, is still there with all its dislocation, its peril, its menace to the security of this country, and to the commercial conditions on which labor depends as much for work and wages as capital for profit. Mr. Snowden's motion on behalf of Socialism against Capital was as irrelevant to these circumstances as if it had been an argument for hymn-books against fire-engines. When we look at home, we see an epidemic of strikes threatening to paralyze the very beginnings of commercial recovery and to breed a social bitterness which will throw back trade again and again at every later sign of revival. Sir Alfred Mond's refutation of Socialism at large in its turn has no more power to allay the class struggle than have pills to cure earthquakes.

The Government was assisted by this academic diversion. The House was refreshed by a momentary relief from all those more irksome matters, urgent questions, and practical remedies with which it was elected to deal. Unionists and the Liberal groups alike were delighted to see the Labor Party — which owes so much of its fortune to that inaccurately exclusive name — fitting the tall cap of Socialism to its own head. Ministers were delighted to give

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another day, and we do not blame them. But in face of the immediate state of the country and of Europe, Parliament never presented a nearer resemblance to the Pickwick Club.

Eloquent, impressive as always, and moderate in terms, Mr. Snowden denounced the existing condition of society but offered not the vestige of a constructive suggestion for improving it. He evaded the real question which Socrates put to the young man, 'What would you do?' Any critic can indict any system. There never was a perfect system, and there never will be. There never was a method of government but it was accused of filling the butchers' shops with large blue flies. The different schools of Socialism were never so hopelessly at variance, and, in their domestic disputes, nothing could be more destructive than the criticisms they pass upon each other.

Pointing to unemployment, housing, agriculture, Mr. Snowden attributed to the fault of capitalism every evil that happens to coexist with it. He might as well maintain that the fall of Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. The world was ravaged by the war and is disintegrated by the peace. All civilization has been thrown back on this side of the Atlantic by a mighty catastrophe with consequences which reduce Socialism to a puny panacea.

Capitalism was no cause of the war. What caused the war and ruined the peace were partly the ambitions of exaggerated nationalism, partly the explosions of suppressed racialism. Pride and fear, tradition and dreams, worked together to create a mass of passion and delusion. A universal disease, worst in Germany under the Hohenzollerns and in the vanished Hapsburg Empire, possessed and corrupted the imagination of whole peoples.

Nothing is falser than that materialistic interpretation of history by Karl Marx from which modern Socialism chiefly derives. You might as well accuse capitalism of being the cause of Mohammed or the Crusades or of the hundred years and more of war which followed the Reformation, or of the Napoleonic Wars.

True or false, the spiritual and imaginative ideals sway the world. Look at Ireland. What has capitalism got to do with it? Look at the wide wreck in Bolshevist Russia. Did capitalism do that? The cause of causes before all men, now, is that of the reconciliation of peoples, the political settlement of the world, and its peace. Until the world's politics go better its economy will never go right.

Sir Alfred Mond, replying for Capital, was brilliant in the speech of his life. He, too, like Mr. Snowden, made easy work for himself. He pushed Socialism to the extreme absurdity of its theories. He pictured State-made dresses for women and State-made hats for men, controlled newspapers and the extinction of free criticism; no real freedom of enterprise; an allocation of labor that would amount to conscription — the slave-system of a rigidly standardized community, ticketed, labeled, classified, and supervised from birth to death. All this is implied by any real universal Socialist régime. It would be not an advance to the millennium, but a return to the Pharaohs. Whatever the world comes to, it will never come to that. A hundred years will not bring it.

Socialism of that type is already the most old-fashioned garment in the whole wardrobe of political theories. Mr. Snowden seemed to lean toward the original dogma of 'centralized' Socialism — though he would 'gradually' approach it by careful steps through indefinite time. This idea is moribund. It is regarded as hopelessly obsolete by the younger schools, Guilds-

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men and Communists alike. Nothing is more certain than that if men of Mr. Snowden's type ever achieved temporary success they would be displaced by more fanatical dogmatists as surely as was Kerenskii by Lenin in the Russian Revolution, or Girondins by Jacobins in the French.

The internal condition of Socialism just now is a case of the great fleas and little fleas and so on ad infinitum. They agree in denouncing capitalism, but on nothing else. The Communists we know, and that to them the 'gradual' method is anathema. The Guild Socialists scout the old Marxian scheme of nationalized direction. As vigorously as Sir Alfred Mond, they refuse to imagine miles and miles of new Government offices, with new armies of officials and inspectors to wield control over the whole industrial and commercial life of the country.

On their scheme of decentralization, every separate distinctive trade would be self-governed by the rank and file of its members. The miners would run the mines, the cotton-workers the cotton-mills, and so forth. The natural impulse of each trade would be to charge other trades the highest price it could. To avoid chaos and civil war as a result of this process, a complicated series of committees would represent the general mass of consumers and endeavor to make a fair general adjustment of price-lists.

Little was said about Guild Socialism in the debate, but it is the real thing that opponents of the Labor Party have to grapple with. Particularly, the miners now want the mines for the miners, not for the nation. This general scheme is in reality more revolutionary than original Socialism. It not only implies the break-up and total reconstruction of society as we know it, but it involves the dangers and probabilities of new antisocial divisions and antagonisms of the gravest character.

The fact is that the more any section of Socialists — except the Communists — consider the problem, the more they shrink from putting down any plan in detail. In spite of Mr. Snowden's long and resonant motion, Socialism for the wider purposes it professes has no intelligible policy of any kind. Emotionally it is cohesive and strong. Intellectually it is a less united party than any other.

Practically it all comes to Mr. Snowden's question of 'steps.' If Labor got a sufficient majority it would try to introduce nationalization of the mines, the railways, and the land. The question of the mines for the miners, not for the nation — the railways for the railwaymen — the land for the tillers and graziers — would at once arise. The capital levy, on the whole, would probably be thought the safest measure for a Socialist Government to risk.

These are the concrete issues to be reckoned with well and strongly by the non-Socialist parties now, at the next election, and afterward. It means the big fight. Unless the adjourned debate turns more upon these concrete issues it will be another Pickwickian discussion. After the war and under the Coalition the Labor Party had easy going and swelled its ranks, but it is only at the beginning of its own difficulties.

Compare with other countries. Russia was ruined by an anticapitalist movement strictly derived from Karl Marx. That is the only great practical consequence which up to the present has followed from Marx. The German Socialists could have triumphed after the war if they had had any great constructive scheme, but after fifty years of general oratory they had none. The piecemeal attempts of the Italian Socialists to apply their doctrines only

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produced Mussolini. Switzerland has turned down the capital levy.

Nowhere in the world has State ownership of anything equaled countless successes of private enterprise. The creative impulses of free energy, initiative, and invention are lacking: these personal qualities are as essential in industry and commerce as in literature and art. Official management, sooner or later, comes to settled routine, and mere routine is the death of business, as continual new resource is its very breath of life. No substitute for the creative or organizing vigor of the individual has yet been discovered.

The United States has the most powerful capitalistic system in the world, the result being full employment and the highest level of human comfort and well-being yet known. How can an able man like Mr. Snowden bring himself to attribute unemployment and other evils on this side to capitalism and nothing else? In several countries under Protection, agriculture and industrial employment alike flourish more than in our own.

He and the whole Labor Party must search further. When they have searched they will find that this is the very last community in the world which could afford to initiate any kind of Socialist system. Socialism would not begin to be possible here until it had been very widely adopted elsewhere. Mr. Snowden urges us to organize 'natural resources.' Good as far as it goes. But we, above all other communities, do not, and cannot, live on our own 'natural resources,' but on those of many nations over which we have no control. We do not and cannot live on the soil of the island. We live on the soil of the world.

The vital, unescapable question for British Labor is the reopening and improvement of markets all over the world, and it cannot be done without an utmost efficiency of our own capitalist system in a capitalist world — provided that the parallel political action of our Government is wise and steady in ways that have no more to do with Marx than with the moon.

By making the best use of home resources and the home market we can do much — far more than now — but we can never do enough for our present population. By developing, in concert with the Dominions, the vast 'natural resources' of the British Empire, we could do much indeed, but that is a matter where the Labor Party has given little attention and less help.

Meanwhile, unless we reduce our population by twelve or fifteen millions, and abandon Free Trade to boot, we can only flourish, or even exist, by competitive selling at a world-price against the capitalist systems of other countries, more solidly based on their own 'natural resources' than ourselves. Never for a moment has British Socialism faced these inexorable facts. If the United States and Germany led the way either in 'centralized' Socialism or the Guild brand, we might follow suit. The adoption of either by Britain first would be the economic suicide of insular democracy.

At the same time, let no one think that speeches like Sir Alfred Mond's, and the whole armament of reason and ridicule which might be launched against Socialism, can win by negatives in this gathering and great struggle. That would be a fatal delusion. The 'Labor' Party draws its strength not from its theories and theorists but from the living, spreading, formidable discontent with social and industrial conditions as they are. By refuting old Marxians and Guildsmen and other intellectual sects, and showing that on the most vital points they have not arrived at the elements of agreement with each other, you have not got rid of

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what is powerful and deadly in the Socialist analysis of existing evils, failures, and abuses. They are staring and glaring on every hand.

The quintessence of the Socialist contention is that money, as compared with brains by themselves or hand-labor by itself, takes an unfair share of the product of the joint work, and wields over countless aspects of the lives of men an autocracy which is obsolete and intolerable — or at least will not be tolerated in an age of growing education and absolute political liberty.

That is the greatest issue of the age, next to international peace, and it is a matter with regard to which modern capitalism will have to make in the coming years timely and large and even generous concessions, or nothing can save it from the mass-movement. If huge evils like unemployment, the housing dearth, and agricultural misery could not be remedied under capitalism, nothing on earth could restrain the people, aided more and more by the trained ability of the middle classes, from trying at all costs another way.

Again, trusts, rings, syndicates, and amalgamations of all kinds, while largely indispensable to efficiency, also involve serious social disadvantages. Too much capital is still wasted in foolish or petty ways, when after the war we need for the essentials of recovery and development every single shilling that our fierce taxation spares.

Now, as before, reform is the only safeguard against revolution. The evils exist. The real conflict will be fought out between alternative schemes of remedy. The Socratic question for capitalism no less than Socialism, is 'What would you do?' For Capital everything will be staked upon the constructive ability and vigor which Liberalism and progressive Unionism or both together may be able to display throughout the next decade. The bold, practical lines of such a programme we shall consider in a separate article when the adjourned debate is resumed.

Without more harmony and less suspicion between Capital and Labor, the relative commercial greatness of this country and the general prosperity of its people cannot be maintained. Nothing but a new system of consultation on the Whitley model, coupled with a universal participation of Labor in profits, can hope to do it; and even this must be supplemented by such efforts for the development of Imperial resources as we have never yet made, and by a steady, resolute policy of European reconciliation and resettlement.

All this is sense where, for this island, Socialism of any kind would be suicide. It is seventy years since Marx sounded the trumpets against Jericho, but the walls have not fallen. If Capitalism is well and wisely guided to secure some better association with Labor by counsel and partnership and the increase of opportunity in accordance with the spread of education, the citadel will stand for another seventy years and more. But let us always remember that democracies, just like despotisms, do sometimes commit suicide in strange epochs. The non-Socialist parties of this country, Unionist and Liberal alike, never yet stood in sterner need of great statesmanship and of great awakening.

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THE SOWERS OF HATE

BY LÉON CHÊNEBENOIT

From *Le Temps, February* 11
(SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

WE must not entertain the belief that the outbreak of hatred in Germany at the occupation of the Ruhr was in consequence of a spontaneous explosion of patriotism irritated into action by the seizure of German territory. This was only the apparent reason. The real, fundamental cause is quite a different one. The hatred between France and Germany is in great part the result of a fictitious and intentional excitation, of a campaign of hatred started on the morrow of the Armistice. Hundreds of documents have been published on this subject, but no volume has united in one startling indictment as successfully as a book which has been published by the deputy André Fribourg under the title which we have placed at the head of this article—a book which every neutral and every Allied nation should know.

After a period of prostration during which she believed herself really vanquished; after having believed for some time that force was bad because she had not proved the stronger, Germany raised herself upon her elbow and began to observe and to consider her victors. From this time on the whole nation has been subject to a gigantic psychological experiment organized in the most methodical manner. The German opinion, says Mr. Fribourg, has been cultivated exactly as one cultivates bacilli in a laboratory. If one may use another image, the Germany of to-day may be compared to an immense bomb filled with explosives and supplied with a time-fuse.

The situation is the same as it was in 1870 and as it was at the end of 1914. During these tragic historical moments it was Bismarck and William II who held the match that caused the explosion. To-day it is the great industrial magnates. The danger remains the same, and the processes which are being applied are very similar.

One learns with astonishment that Germany has once again adopted the mentality which obsessed her during the war and which expressed itself in those poems of hate which are still present in our memory. To lead the people up to this point all the forms of propaganda have been used. In the first place came the usual attack by means of journalism. The independence of the press in Germany exists less to-day than ever. Profiting by the precarious financial situation of the press, Hugo Stinnes purchased a number of newspapers. By 1920 he controlled seventy newspapers, either great dailies or provincial journals. He also holds control over all the press agencies, sometimes even those of the Socialist as well as the official press. Taken all in all, by the purchase of printing plants, of newspapers, and of paper mills, the Stinnes trust is sole master of public opinion in Germany. We have lately read the declaration of the President of the Reichstag, the Socialist Loebe, published in the *Vossische Zeitung* alone.

In the domain of the press German audacity halts at naught. During the last few days there were sent to certain

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French professors copies of a newspaper printed at Berlin, Friedrichstrasse, 225, in which, under pretense of propaganda for international communism, a perfidious propaganda against all kinds of French institutions was masked. It goes without saying that this document is printed in French.

In regard to the different manufactories of propaganda, they are legion, and their methods of work are well known. To cite a single example, one of them, *Der Volksbund rettet die Ehre*, in a dispatch from Bremen published in February 1922, emitted a cry of joyful satisfaction at the results obtained by its methods. It distributed 750,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled *Die grosse Lüge* (The Great Lie), which of course relates to German culpability during the war. This pamphlet was translated into nine languages and so widely disseminated that it has been found even in small villages of Mexico. It furnishes to the editors of German newspapers data destined, so they say, for the rehabilitation of the truth. Here are some of the titles and data: 'German prisoners of war executed in France'; 'An impudent falsehood of Poincaré'; 'General Degoutte acknowledges the Black Shame'; 'Thirty German soldiers cruelly assassinated at Périgueux.'

Even to-day, really more than ever, and in spite of the British and American investigations, the old legend of what is labeled the 'Black Shame' is still disseminated, and the dispatch that we mentioned above remarks: 'The Bund created the term "Black Shame," which is now used by everybody, even those ignorant of its origin. It has pinned on the breast of our old hereditary enemy something more durable than the cross of the Legion of Honor.'

The German Government pretends that much of this activity is not under its control, but this cannot be the case so far as the propaganda carried on at expositions, by moving pictures, and especially in the schools is concerned. The pictures in the cinemas surpass in horror anything the imagination can conceive. On the very pretext of protecting the modesty of German womanhood, the most disgusting scenes are depicted.

Note what even a German review, *Das Tagebuch*, says on the subject of these pictures: 'The horrors of this film are systematized. The blacks who appear here are directed by the stage-manager. Women have more cause to blush at the shamelessness of the cinema manager than at that of the Senegalese soldiers. The spectators are victims of a degenerate curiosity, half patriotic, half sensual. Let us hope that the emotion is entirely patriotic and moral, so far as the ladies are concerned.' We hardly dare to continue the quotation. But what care the organizers of these spectacles about morality if only the effect of increased hatred is attained, which is undeniable? Remember that there are to-day in the German Empire 3850 moving-picture theatres with some 1,304,600 seats, and an average of two million persons attend the performances daily.

But it is in connection with the instruction given in the public schools that the responsibility of the German Government is plainest. In this field it has openly furnished the clearest directions, an example of which may be seen in the significant words of a speech by Dr. Boelitz, Prussian Minister of Public Instruction: 'We demand that history shall be taught in our schools, and especially that of glorious Prussia and Brandenburg. We are not ashamed either of Prussian militarism or bureaucracy.'

All German schools are furnished with a pamphlet entitled *Versailles*, a

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commentary for the German people on the 'peace of violence,' in the form of question and answer, like the Catechism. Pupils are conducted through a quasi-ambulatory course illustrated by a mass of pictures, engravings, and diagrams showing the consequences of the Treaty of Versailles to Germany. One picture represents the Empire as a slave loaded with chains. Is it necessary to state that the statistics given are incorrect? This is so evident that *Vorwärts* itself had to demur, remarking: 'We protest against the continued scandalous distribution of the tract called *Germany and the Treaty of Peace*, which pupils in schools are expected to study in school hours that should be devoted to regular instruction. The figures of the statistics given in this pamphlet have been juggled in a very unfair manner. The League of Nations is represented as a band of brigands, and the addresses in the tract amount to a direct incitation to a new war.'

In all the schools may be found histories such as *A German History for Schools*, which declares, on page 230, that France is responsible for the war, and that French airplanes bombarded German railways before the declaration of war. And this in spite of the fact that the German ambassador at Paris himself asserted the falsity of this charge. The German school authorities know well that a lie, if repeated often enough, becomes the truth in the brain of a child.

Nearly all such manuals are full of this spirit. In a reader for the third grade by Lirman (Fourteenth edition, 1921), used in all the nonclassical schools, we find imaginative passages like the following: —

1870

I hear a rushing and roaring out of the past, the voice of a lost grandeur, and I listen spellbound. Half a century has passed since then. In the Vosges, crowned with forests, the German eagle spreads his wings, for our old Rhine has once more become a German stream. How everything is changed!

The Gallic hordes sully the sacred soil of Germany. They have not vanquished us in knightly battle; we have been treacherously disarmed by these foreign scoundrels. The Cathedral of Strassburg no longer belongs to the Germans, and the rascals of Frenchmen water their horses in the German stream. But what has been taken from us, what we have suffered, is of little import. Days will come like those of old when our glorious fathers, filled with noble courage, proudly bore the German standards into Paris itself, where they decked the monuments and walls with garlands and banners, and tore to shreds the tricolor of France!

WHAT WE LOST

We must engrave upon our hearts as upon marble these words: 'That which we have lost is not lost for all time, for the soil is sacred over which the sweet and poetic German tongue has vibrated for thousands of years. Behold the forests that rise majestically to the blue sky of the Vosges; behold the fertile plains of Schleswig bounded by Königsau; behold the beautiful country of the Saar which bears in its womb the precious coal; behold the mole of Danzig lapped by the waters of the Vistula!

'Awake! Shake off thy shame and think of the day of vengeance! Let not the fire die out whose flames shall mount to heaven. Thou and thine heirs have a sacred duty to fulfill. Engrave these words in the heart of thy son: "That which we have lost must return to us again!"'

If more is needed, we may turn to another widely used school-manual by Ernst Niederhausen, whom his publisher characterizes as one of the best-known authorities in the field of education; and note the manner in which German school children learn the story of the destruction of Louvain. Under the title, 'The Punishment of Louvain,' Niederhausen says: —

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Germany, attacked by France, England, and Russia, was obliged, in order to defend herself, to march through Belgium. She offered Belgium the incomparable advantages of her culture. But the Belgians acted toward the German soldiers in the most cruel and despicable manner. Cowering in ditches and hidden behind the trunks of trees, they shot down our soldiers without mercy. One of our unfortunate soldiers, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep in a Belgian house and was stabbed to death by the natives, either peasants or townspeople. Our wounded were mutilated or done to death with a refinement of cruelty unheard of. Influential men of this accursed country arranged ambuscades everywhere. After nightfall shots could be heard — more massacres! To escape the dagger and the revolver, our men were obliged to take the houses of the town by assault, one by one.

In all the streets of Louvain, houses where these scoundrels lived were given to the flames. The heavens, illuminated with the red light, announced to the universe how our brave soldiers, fighting for their assaulted Fatherland in an enemy country, were obliged to defend themselves by night against a horde of assassins. . . .

One is horrified at the thought of what terrible results must follow in the train of such a campaign of systematic mind-poisoning among a people quite destitute of the critical faculty.

What shall be done to combat such a campaign? Trust to the innate value of honesty and decency? Or say to these people what General Bonaparte said of the Republic in its heroic days? 'The French Republic is like the sun: it blinds him who does not see it!' But the sun itself can be obscured by the fogs of continued and persistent calumny. And if one does not admit the truth of Bonaparte's *mot*, let him recall the couplet of Beaumarchais's Basile: 'Calumny, sir — you do not know how you underrate it!'

As a matter of fact it becomes more and more apparent that the best way to fight the systematic military-like tactics of German propaganda is to oppose it with a series of counter-offenses of French facts, edited and disseminated through a well-organized bureau.

The statements of our government officials, logical, clear, and concise as they are, are not sufficient, for the reason that may easily be called one-sided. Have we in France this practical organization for the spread of propaganda, and, if not, can it be regarded as a national necessity? One may doubt it. In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and in some of the others there are subdivisions that might have some claim to this title, but they would appear to be literary and philosophical rather than practical. The fancy of the international crowd is certainly not caught by polite arguments of this character.

It is not divulging a secret to say that the subcommittee of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, which has this question in hand, has proposed certain measures to be taken in regard to the matter — such, for example, as the necessity for the Government to have at its own immediate disposition a news agency like that of Reuter, which will enable it, without waiting for the usual declaration in the Chamber, to make known its opinions and to correct misstatements; and also the necessity for some system of wireless telegraphy at the Government's own command, in order to offset the messages from Nauen that cross the Atlantic in waves of perfidy.

But, it may be asked, is there not some supreme authority or tribunal to which questions of this kind may be taken? We refer to the League of Nations. Its Council has just finished its sessions in Paris, in the course of which it examined once more the subject of disarmament, now in the

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hands of a special League Committee at Geneva. But just at this point one cannot forget the conclusion to which the last assembly of the League at Geneva came, after a flood of eloquence — namely, that no material disarmament is possible without having been preceded by a moral disarmament. How can this be brought about, however, if certain nations continue to put in practice an intensive campaign of hatred?

'If hate always follows hate,' says the Japanese proverb, 'hate will be eternal.'

Undoubtedly the League of Nations must carefully avoid any appearance of posing as a super-parliament in matters which touch the basic liberties of peoples most closely, a charge already brought against it. Undoubtedly it can never attempt to control in any manner the press of any individual nation; but could it not, in regard to the disarmament question, propose, for adoption by the nations, the holding of inquiries into certain questions and the ascertaining of authoritative statistics concerning them? And could not the same thing be done in regard to moral disarmament? Does not, for example, the responsibility for what is taught in German schools rest upon the German Government?

On this point France has nothing to fear. We are quite willing to submit our history manuals for examination, for it will be found that, if anything, they are more filled with the spirit of humanity than with patriotism itself.

From the legal point of view there can be no valid objection to this plan, if only because it would be but a corollary to the question of disarmament, and also because it is provided by Articles 3 and 4 of the Covenant of the League of Nations that every question relating to the activities of the League or *affecting the peace of the world* may be dealt with by the Council of the League, and that every nation not represented in the Council itself possesses the right to be represented whenever a question comes up which particularly affects it.

Who will deny that this question of a campaign of hatred affects the peace of the world to a supreme degree?

M. André Fribourg closes his book with the following consideration: 'What tends to make us despair of humanity is to contemplate the dreadful ravages that this infernal Pan-German effort has made, and is still making, among the young people of Germany.' The German Government leaders have understood how to provide themselves with an inflammable, hot-headed public opinion, capable of being roused in a moment to the point of maximum excitement, so as to be used against the enemies of the Government, whether domestic or foreign.

This consideration was the subject of a very serious statement in the British House of Commons itself: 'One of the real dangers that menace Europe is the fact that the youth of Germany may be educated and may grow up with ideas of revenge. One of the dangers, I say, is that German youth may be educated and may grow up imbued with the hope of recovering the old possessions of Germany, with the idea of punishing the victor for the defeats inflicted upon the Empire, with the idea of satisfying in a general way Germany's national pride. Yes, gentlemen, this is one of the greatest dangers of the future.'

This was the prophecy of Mr. Lloyd George no longer ago than on the seventh of February, 1922. It is the duty of the whole world to do everything in its power to prove him a false prophet.

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THE RHINE FRONTIER AND GERMAN FEDERALISM

BY C.

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, March 3*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

'"THE Rhine is the natural boundary of France," declared Sully in the year 1600 and again in 1610. "The Rhine is the natural boundary of France," asserted Richelieu in the years 1625 and 1635. "The Rhine is the natural boundary of France," stated Count d'Avaux in 1640 at Münster, on the sacred spot where Hermann the Cheruscan once addressed the Romans to quite different effect. "The Rhine is the natural boundary of France," was the burden of the speeches of Louvois and Colbert in the Council of Louis XIV, and repeated in verse in the antichambers by the poets Boileau and Racine. "The Rhine is the natural boundary of France," shrieked the monster on the Seine from 1790 to 1800.'

These words Ernst Moritz Arndt placed at the beginning of that famous work, *The Rhine, the German Stream but Not the German Frontier*, a title which speedily became the political creed of a whole people.

Very seldom has it been possible to draw so clear a historical line through the centuries as in the case of the continental policy of France, the latest expression of which we see to-day on the Rhine and in the Ruhr. The motive force that was at work a hundred, three hundred, yes, four hundred years ago, is still alive in France. New forces, especially of an economic nature, may have arisen, and the old ideas often remain buried more or less in the people's subconsciousness; but there are enough Frenchmen who openly confess to being advocates of the 'School of the Peace of Westphalia.'

A desire for annexations is always denied by the French. As a matter of fact, French leaders have never regarded as an object of prime importance the annexation of German soil or of people of German blood, laying stress rather on the importance of strengthening their position in Europe, in which effort they would be greatly assisted by the possession of the left bank of the Rhine. Political strength, hegemony — that has been the object of France's foreign policy ever since the consolidation of the French tribes into a nation. This was the policy to be served by the shibboleth of the 'Rhine frontier,' as well as the traditional encouragement of decentralizing tendencies in Germany, the small-state 'liberties,' the *libertés germaniques*, of particularism and federalism, of every element in fact that tended to weaken the central power and the real federalization of Germany.

When, some eighty years ago, the Rhine question brought the two peoples to such a state of excitement, resulting incidentally in Becker's famous 'Wacht am Rhein,' there were many voices raised on the French side, among them that of the Socialist Louis Blanc, who said: 'The question of the Rhine for France is not one of extending her territory, but one of national defense.'

As to-day, so in those days doubtless such words rang with a semblance of plausibility in the ears of many peace-loving Frenchmen. But from the

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national standpoint the defense plea was nothing but hypocrisy. In the year of grace 1843, the French monarchy certainly needed no defensive frontier against the wretched German Confederation.

As a matter of fact, as every serious statesman must know, a stream cannot be regarded as a defensive boundary, like a mountain range — for example, the Vosges. The Rhine offers hardly more than advanced bases for attack, and even this advantage is more political than military.

In speaking of the Rhine in French hands, Arndt, in the book we have mentioned above, very pointedly says, 'It is a knee bent forward so that, whenever France wills, it can set upon Germany's neck to strangle her.'

Was it really only for defensive purposes that the French conquered and annexed Metz in the sixteenth century, Alsace with Strassburg in the seventeenth, Lorraine and Landau in the eighteenth, and all the rest of the left bank of the Rhine at the time of the Revolution? Their own historian, Camille Rousset, probably came nearer the truth when he pronounced the following indictment in his book about the Minister Louvois: —

'No people on earth since the Romans has given proof of such lust for conquest as ours. Right or wrong, reasonable or foolish, fruitful or wasteful, it made little difference. . . . The opinion of the inhabitants of the countries to be conquered concerning the conqueror and his intentions worried us very little, because we had no doubt that people would be proud to belong to the French nation.'

The French 'School of the Peace of Westphalia' was in so far a modest title, as the historical line of its policy might have been followed somewhat further back. However, the occupation of the Lorraine cities that took place a hundred years earlier was expressly confirmed by the treaty of 1648, round which cluster historically the Lorraine annexations, not only those that occurred during the long war, but also the later ones that came about by means of the notorious 'reunion chambers.'

The title of this 'school' is, therefore, after all well chosen, though the idea it expresses may not appear very clearly to many Frenchmen. All the more important for us Germans to establish the fact that this idea, consciously or unconsciously, is still a factor in French foreign politics. Poincaré and Millerand tread so exactly in the footsteps of their fathers that every glance backward over the highway of French continental policy discloses a whole series of parallels with the present. A retrospect of this character was published last year by Hermann Oncken, until lately professor of history at Heidelberg, entitled *The Historical Rhine Policy of the French*, and the parallels in the book with the conditions existing at the present are becoming more and more startling every day.

One of the most interesting of them is seen by a consideration of how the whole Rhine policy of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was so shaped as to push back the House of Hapsburg from the German marches of the West, from the very same motives that actuate her to-day in doing her utmost to keep Prussia away from the Rhine. Not only were the Hapsburgs of that period European rivals of the French kings, but Austria was the only powerful state in the whole Teutonic swarm of nations.

Were the Hapsburgs singled out as enemies because they threatened the security of France? Surely the good old Hapsburgs were never as dangerous as all that! They did, however, — as well as the German Empire of which

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they were the overlords, — stand in the way of the French hegemony in Europe. That explains the political purpose of Louis XIV, as he himself formulated it: 'To destroy completely the power and authority in Germany which the House of Austria has enjoyed for two hundred years.' For this reason the principal point of attack was the Hapsburg possessions in Lorraine. For this reason any German princeling who had a grievance against the Holy Roman Empire or Austrian policy could reckon with certainty upon assistance from Paris, and for this reason the attempt was made, as it is to-day, to catch Germany between the clamps of the border states.

French policy allied itself with that of Sweden, Poland, and Hungary, always against the Empire. And when Louis XIV quietly annexed Strassburg in the midst of peace — without the help of a 'commission of experts'! — he was careful to goad the Turks into a coincident attack upon Austria.

A part of the blame for the loss of Strassburg must be placed, to be sure, to the debit of certain German sovereigns who, under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns, united their forces against the Empire. To be sure, the Hapsburgs followed a truly German policy as little as did the Hohenzollerns. Neither dynasty can boast of much in that line. Even Richelieu was able to carry through the first Alsatian annexations by subventioning a German prince, Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. And a hundred years later Francis Stephen of Lorraine gave up his German patrimony in exchange for sunny Tuscany, first to a Pole and afterward to the French.

Again and again German particularism and special interests of the German princes offered openings for the French policy of power and the lust of conquest along the Rhine. In Paris they were naturally all the more eager to encourage the German 'liberties' (privileges within the Empire), and to help along any opposition to the Emperor.

In this connection it is only necessary to mention the notorious Rhenish League (*Rheinbund*). We recall the first Rhenish League, founded ten years after the Treaty of Westphalia by the Elector of Mainz for the protection of the privileges of the Estates against the Empire, and in which the French king was welcomed on German soil as a much honored member. We recall still more vividly Napoleon's Rhenish League, which sounded in 1806 the knell of the ancient Holy Roman Empire. Both were ideal examples of French constructive policy, which even to-day many Frenchmen would like to imitate. It is the line along which have moved the several attempts at separation in Bavaria, and in general the whole separatist policy in the occupied zone during the last four years.

The line of French continental policy which we have pointed out, with its double purpose of a Rhine frontier and the weakening of a neighboring state, was not the especial appurtenance of the kingdom or the empire. The French Revolution also proclaimed the policy of the 'Natural Boundaries of France,' and demanded the establishment, outside these boundaries, of a 'girdle of federated republics' (J. P. Brissot, 1792). Thus we see the third republic of to-day, with its Clemenceau, Millerand, and Poincaré, planted exactly in the footprints of the first. Between the two we see Napoleon, the nephew, in the middle of the century carrying out faithfully all the traditions of his predecessors. When the German civil war broke out in 1866, Napoleon concluded a secret treaty with Austria, by which Austria, in case she conquered Silesia, was not only to give up her

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possession of Venetia, but to sanction the creating of an 'autonomous Rhenish state.'

The dice fell otherwise, and therefore the Emperor of the French came to Bismarck with other compensation claims, which now had to do with the acquisition of the territory on the left bank of the Rhine, and even Saarbrücken, by the practically vassal states of Bavaria and Hesse. In the work already mentioned Oncken quite rightly points out that the germ of the war of 1870 lay in the refusal of these French proposals.

The question arises, whether the old, traditional Rhine policy of France was in M. Poincaré's mind even before the Great War. We certainly find it as a part of the French war-policy in the agreement of February 14, 1917, in which Russia not only declared herself favorable to the reannexation of Alsace-Lorraine, but with a realignment of the frontiers of the ancient duchy of Lorraine, which, as a matter of fact, was always German and never French, and, secondly, with the separation of the rest of the entire left bank of the Rhine from Germany, and the creation of a a neutral buffer-state under French military control.

France was not able to carry out this programme at Versailles in its entirety. But the French nationalists do M. Clemenceau and his colleagues a grave injustice when they intimate that these negotiators lost sight of the idea of restoring Germany once more according to the 'glorious model of 1648.' They did not lose sight of it, and did all they possibly could in this direction. This we know, not only from the English and American publications in regard to Versailles, but from the writings of the French negotiator, Tardieu.

The Treaty of Versailles did not give France the frontier of the Rhine, nor did it bring about the federal dissolution of the German Empire. But it did give France valuable starting-points, from which she might hope to attain her objects in the course of time. For the past few years the crux of the French policy has not been Reparations, but what she is pleased to call security. But it all works out into the old historic aims, which in Paris are now masked under the expressions 'security' and 'national defense' — in other words the frontier of the Rhine and the dissolution of the German Empire. It would appear that any serious politician, even on the other side of the Vosges, ought to see clearly enough that the effort to attain these purposes by pure force, or by taking advantage of momentary weakness and need, must mean — not alone for France but for all Europe — not by any means security, but the very greatest insecurity and danger.

How can anybody honestly believe that Germany can ever accept any loosening, of whatever kind, of the bonds that bind the Rhine lands to the Empire? It is a waste of time to talk about a French frontier along the Rhine in the literal sense of the word. Most Frenchmen must recognize the utter hopelessness of the dream of annexation of the Rhine. What they really want is not the taking-over of actual territory as a part of France, but the control of it as a vassal state.

This is not the policy of any single nationalistic faction alone. It has been the policy of the French Government from 1918 till to-day. A year after Versailles we find even such a comparatively moderate paper as *Le Temps* saying, in regard to the Treaty, 'We thought the hour had finally come to make a definite and conclusive end of the Holy German Empire, to establish once more the independent German states, and to take for ourselves solid pledges of security.' What

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Versailles left undone has been the object of the last four years on the Rhine and of all kinds of international conferences to make up for. In this task the French have shown considerably more cleverness in the manipulation of their allies than in their treatment of the peoples France is trying to win. The Allied Rhineland Commission, which is presided over by France, is becoming more and more the tool of the selfish interests and special privileges of the nation having the largest representation among the occupation troops. For four years every measure taken by the occupation forces has been for the purpose of fulfilling the wishes of France.

Rhine frontier and German particularism! That has been the policy of France in Europe for hundreds of years and remains so to-day. But Germany has kept the Rhine. She has won her federation after a bitter struggle and will defend it. With old Father Arndt, each one of us must say, 'If the French hold the Rhine, I have lost my German Fatherland!'

POPULATION PRESSURE IN EUROPE AND ASIA

BY ALBIN MICHEL AND KARL BROCKHAUSEN

[*Our first article, by Albin Michel, is from* Die Glocke *for March* 12. *The second, by Karl Brockhausen, is from the* Prager Tagblatt, *March* 22. *Dr. Brockhausen is a Privatdozent in the law faculty of the University of Vienna.*]

I

WELL over half of all mankind dwells in Asia, but the population is by no means equally distributed over the surface of the continent. On the Siberian tundras and the steppes of Central Asia there is an extremely thin population and the same is true in the higher altitudes of China, Japan, and British India. Such differences in population density as exist between the northern parts of Siberia and certain provinces of China and Bengal are scarcely to be found in any other portion of the globe. The terrific crowding of human beings in China, Japan, and India, and the rapid increase in population in these countries, bring with them problems that are already significant in world politics and world economics, but which will probably be still more important in the future.

The more these three thickly populated lands are drawn into the capitalistic system and into world commerce, the greater will be the unrest among the masses of the people in their territory, and the stronger, especially among a part of the population of China and Japan, will become the tendency to break loose from their surroundings, to flee from the homeland, and to seek a more profitable means of subsistence, whether permanent or transitory, somewhere else. And even if the industrial system is introduced in China, and if industry spreads still further in Japan, there will still be countless millions of men left over, who can win a livelihood only with difficulty. Even with the industrializing of Eastern Asia and British India, the questions raised by Asiatic popula-

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tions will grow not simpler but more complex. To be sure, a thoroughgoing industrialization, the spread of mining and other industries, will give work to great numbers; but other numbers whose activity, according to European standards, is mere trifling, an uneconomic waste of time, will be thrown out of work through the industrial process and deprived of livelihood and of attachment to the soil.

Emigration from China in centuries past was steady and fairly large. Chinese coolies sweated over the building of railways in North America and Central Africa; they toiled in Russian and Californian mines, and in the gold mines of South Africa, on the plantations of the Antilles and Brazil, in Peru and Chile as cooks and stokers on European ships. The spread of the Chinese during the European War was especially extensive. Although not so many coolies could be forwarded to Europe, England, France as was anticipated in the beginning, the number of Chinese who in the years between 1914 and 1917 entered Russia was all the greater. Not merely in Asiatic, but also in European, Russia, many hundreds of thousands of Chinese were engaged. Even in Archangel and as far as the Kola Peninsula in the White Sea, coolies were stationed in order to release muzhiks and Russian industrial workers for military service. Chinese labored on the Murmansk Railway and in the great forest-districts of Russia, in mines, as agricultural laborers, spinners, weavers, cloth-makers; and even in the workshops of the Russian Railway Administration great hordes of Chinese were to be found. A great number of these Chinese, now six or seven years away from home, are still living in Russia, but larger throngs are again tending to emigration. The thickly populated territories of Shantung, Hupeh, Pechili, Kiangsu, and Szechwan can still produce large numbers of emigrants.

In proportion to the population, the emigration from Japan is still more striking. The Japanese population increases seven hundred thousand souls every year. There is, to be sure, enough thinly settled territory in Formosa and Korea that the Japanese emigrant could occupy to a great extent, but the Japanese do not take kindly to either of these territories. Even the establishment of a special Colonial Office for Korea could not greatly promote the emigration from Japan. Korea is too cold for the Japanese, and Formosa too hot. China, being itself very thickly populated, can receive only a few Japanese, and so their eyes turn chiefly to the warm coast of America.

The State of California, since it belongs to the United States, is closed to the Japanese, but the trend toward Lower California and other provinces of Mexico is all the stronger for that. Agreements exist between the Japanese and Mexican Governments that provide for a heavy Japanese emigration to Mexico. Under the coöperation of both Governments, a special organization is to be established to help the Japanese to Mexico, and to care for their subsequent prosperity. In the provinces of Chiana and Oajaca, both situated on the Pacific, the development of special Japanese agricultural colonies is provided for. Japanese laborers are to be employed in the oil industry, in mining, on cotton plantations, and in the textile industry.

Some South American States, principally Brazil, but also Chile and Argentina, are concerning themselves with Japanese immigration. Yet the current of immigration from Japan to Brazil and Argentina, which was strong before the war, is slackening again. Although Brazil has set aside a special premium of 15 pounds sterling

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for every immigrant Japanese laborer, the Japanese immigration, which had been six thousand in the year 1913, did not reach a thousand in 1921. The number of Japanese laborers in foreign countries is estimated at present at from six to seven hundred thousand, but within a few years this figure may have grown to a million at least. Recently Japanese girls and women have been emigrating in larger numbers.

The situation in British India is somewhat different. Here no great tendency toward emigration can be traced. The question of population remains rather an internal matter; but it is not without international significance or without effect on questions going beyond the country's borders, for the extreme overpopulation of many parts of India will constantly be a factor in international unrest, especially in times of bad harvest, and specifically an influence that will affect English foreign policy.

Though the population density of China, Japan, and British India is extraordinary, the population in other Asiatic territories is extremely thin. In the northern portion of Asia the scattered population is to be explained on climatic grounds, but there are very large Asiatic territories on which a much denser population could be maintained than at present. Anatolia, on account of the many and long Turkish wars during the last ten years, has lost a great many men, mostly able-bodied men. This heavy loss of population is one of the circumstances that makes the economic revival of Turkey more difficult.

Persia also is very weakly populated. As the petroleum industry increases, and the exploitation of other mineral treasures develops, the emigration of foreign laborers may become a problem of the day for Persia also. The population of Turkestan is likewise very thin. In a territory more than three times the extent of Germany, about five million men are living, and yet Turkestan has wide stretches that either are very fertile already or that could be made so. Transbaikalia and Transcaspia are still scantily peopled, though economic administration could make them capable of supporting great numbers of men. The same applies to Nepal. In this country, almost a third the size of Germany, from five to six million men are living. Nepal has rich deposits of copper, iron, and sulphur. There are prospects of intensive agriculture and cattle-raising. Afghanistan likewise is thinly populated.

The thickly populated districts of British India and Japan include only about fifteen per cent of the surface of Asia. Yet in these territories dwell from seventy to seventy-five per cent of the Asiatic population. Even distribution of the Asiatic population, so far as climatic conditions permit, has hitherto been impossible chiefly on account of the imperfect means of communication in the interior of the continent. When, for the first time, great Asiatic overland railways are built, such as are now being proposed, a period of population movements will begin, compared to which all the immigrations and emigrations hitherto observed will be as nothing.

II

How sick Europe really is one can see from the numerous diagnoses of the physicians who stand by her sick-bed and from the quantity of prescriptions that are offered to the patient. Every month a new prophet rises to declare the downfall of Europe. The latest is a retired general, Ottokar

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Landwehr, whose book, *Übervölkertes Land*, has just appeared in Vienna. He calculates that the economic catastrophe of the overpopulated districts of Western and Middle Europe is very probable in the few years ahead of us. Perhaps between 1940 and 1950 the normal capacity for supporting their population will be reached by states in that part of the continent. But at the same time he shows by figures the possibility of salvation. In the last one hundred and twenty years the number of the earth's inhabitants has nearly doubled, and yet the earth, taken as a whole, is nowhere near the point of overpopulation, since only fifteen per cent of its area is under the plough, and sixty-three per cent more could be brought under. It will be a long time before the earth as a whole is overpopulated.

But for Europe the situation is quite different. In this same period the European population has increased two and one half times. In 1910 it had 450,000,000 inhabitants, and there was a yearly increase of .88 per cent — that is, 3,960,000. If the World War had not broken out, there would have been 530,000,000 between 1920 and 1930; but, in spite of this war and its consequence, this figure will be reached between 1940 and 1950 all the same. The momentary setback of population figures and the lowering of the birth rate hinder the rise in population in the long run just as little as the Napoleonic Wars did in their time.

Five hundred and thirty million Europeans — or, to be exact, 528,000,000 — is, as the author shows by numerous statistics, a very conservative estimate of the population of our part of the world to-day. Europe possesses 5,280,000 square kilometres of arable land, and on every square kilometre stand one hundred inhabitants. Such an agricultural area, even by the aid of an industrial system, can hardly support more human beings, such as the general overpopulation of Europe with all its disastrous consequences. 'Then Europe would be completely dependent on importation from other parts of the world, instead of only partly dependent as to-day.'

In order to pay for such importation all Europe must become as highly developed industrially as England and Germany now are. The world must also be arranged in such a way that export of industrial products and a supply of imported foodstuffs are assured. But both these conditions are extremely improbable for the divided Europe of to-day. Such are the dismal prospects for a quarter of the earth which, although the smallest, has hitherto been the most powerful among its competitors, but which nevertheless can be cut off from foreign trade as a whole, just as its central states were cut off during the World War, if it is ever compelled to struggle for its world position.

In contrast to these figures the author, again basing his position on statistics, presents a very different picture of a Europe that can still endure for a long time — if it really desires to do so. As yet not all of Europe is overpopulated; only its western and central portions are affected. The east, notably Russia, has as many inhabitants too few as the other parts have too many — an underpopulation of 98,000,000 as against an overpopulation of 76,000,000. Moreover, the land under cultivation represents only half of the available area of the continent, provided the forests, which to-day represent twenty-eight per cent, are reduced to twenty per cent, and the eight per cent thus gained is devoted to growing cereals. In that way 82,900,000 hectares would be gained —

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that is more than half of the present agricultural area.

One must also count on the possibility of improving agricultural methods themselves, which on an average are yielding only twelve hectolitres for each hectare, whereas it could be brought to yield over thirty. In Belgium even to-day thirty-five hectolitres are produced, in the Netherlands thirty-two, and in Denmark thirty. Without looking for miracles or new discoveries, it is still possible to find means of safety and deliverance. These means must be employed, however, and they must be employed before the expiration of the present century. We and our children cannot live as independent Europeans. Our grandchildren will be more independent than we if the short period of eighty years is employed to perfect an organization of the threatened portion of the earth, which will bring these states and nations into coöperative unity for their own salvation.

PAPA CAVOUR AND THE NEWBORN ITALY

BY ALFREDO PANZINI

[*This article is a chapter from a somewhat impressionistic volume entitled* The True History of the Three Colors, *recalling the national significance of Count di Cavour. Signor Panzini is an Italian writer of some distinction, whose most recent novel,* Il Padrone sono me, *has been favorably reviewed. He is discussed further in M. Schneider's article on Italian literature, which appears elsewhere in this issue.*]

From *Rassegna Italiana, February*
(Rome Political and Literary Monthly)

It was on the eighteenth of February, 1861, that Count di Cavour presented to an astonished Europe the figure of Italy vested in sovereignty.

On a computation of time alone it may be observed that the unity of Italy was brought about in twenty-one months; but, using as a standard the price of blood, it may be seen that the deaths on the battlefield were not very much more numerous than those on the gallows, in the prisons, and in exile. Again, in case our dignified historians dislike the conditional participle *if*, it may also be observed that Italian unity came about in consequence of the benign confluence of so many *ifs* as to justify the old cry of '48: 'God wills it!'

On that historic day, the eighteenth of February, 1861, the deputies met at Turin, and great were the acclamations of Italy reborn, and magnificent the celebrations and ceremonies. Italy received this homage draped in her royal mantle and crowned with the regal diadem.

An oration followed on behalf of Italy, which Cavour would have preferred more simple in form; but in those days an involved style and sounding phrases were much relished by Italians.

The person who represented 'Italia' said: 'This is the mantle, and this the crown! A more magnificent mantle and a more ancient diadem the world cannot show!'

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The attics of the old patrician houses, so the tailors complained, were ransacked for antique and ornate costumes of the glorious past. Unhappily most of these were no longer in style, but they might be altered. However, a middle way was found, a tailored costume, in the English style — very practical. 'Italy, Queen by the Grace of God and the Will of the Nation!'

The seat of government in which Italia received the representatives of the people was a modest one, for the reason that two large salons, those of Venice and Rome, were unoccupied. But they would be filled soon. The newspapers did not print all the congratulatory dispatches of the various foreign Powers, as they had not yet arrived.

Italia was pleased to receive the homage of the individual representatives; and when the delegates from the south were presented many of them complained of their treatment under the Bourbons.

'Your name?'

'Liborio Romano, a man of liberal ideas and a citizen well deserving of his country!'

Liborio Romano spoke with a persistent smile, a polished manner, and marvelous eloquence.

'Oh, what an expansive old fellow!' exclaimed Italia. 'If this is old age, what may we expect of youth?'

'Beware of such effusive persons, my daughter,' observed Cavour, 'who talk so glibly. This benevolent smile, this courteous manner — he showed all this already to the King, his master, and to the prisoners of his King — Garibaldi, Mazzini, myself — yes, and to thee!'

'A counterfeit liberal then! But thou, Cavour, thou hast taken his hand!'

'No, this Liborio Romano is not a counterfeit liberal, nor has he bad faith in his heart. He acts in good faith with me, with thee, with himself. He is simply vain and timorous at the same time. He is an Italian Greek, as it were. Hast thou forgotten thy godfather, the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, who held you at the baptismal font in Europe's presence? He was an aristocrat filled with prejudices, who could not bear to offer the hand to such gentry, and therefore he bequeathed the task to me!'

But behold the silver salvers in the hands of the chamberlains, heaped up with missives. They are supplications, requests for honors and for positions; but not a single letter of congratulation from a Great Power.

Italia, decked out in mantle and crown, sat at the banquet of her people, as the poets put it, but the Powers contented themselves with viewing the scene through their opera-glasses!

Then Cavour spoke to the representatives of the people, and said: 'I ask you to consider the question carefully, gentlemen. When a people rises into being suddenly, daring to risk its very existence — do I say risk? — when this existence has been obstinately denied by the veterans of European diplomacy — can you expect that this event will be heralded with applause by the world?'

Cavour worked hard for eight hours every day, and often the dawn found him still sleepless. But he was always in good spirits, and many a time a clasp of the hand or some ironical jest served to soften the rigor of his task.

Italia often had recourse to Cavour's writing-desk, with its mass of documents and letters, which have since been gathered into volumes and published, and much consulted in those trying days, but, since Italy has be-

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come strong and great, heeded no more. Then, however, being in the age of adolescence, Italia read some of these letters.

Among them was a reply to a noble English lady, who had recommended to Cavour's favor a young officer of the Neapolitan navy, quite undeserving.

'Do you know, dear lady,' he wrote, 'why Naples has fallen so low? Because the laws did not function in the case of a person of high rank, or one under the protection of the King, or some prince, or his confessor. Do you know when Naples will be restored? When the laws are enforced severely, strictly, and justly!'

And in another letter we read: 'I believe it is my duty to be severe, and to leave to my subordinates the quality of gentleness.'

'This is very fine,' exclaimed Italia. 'It sounds simple, like the books written for the edification of children.'

In another, very confidential letter to a relative, William de la Rive of Geneva, dated March 1861, after the proclamation of the kingdom, Italia found these words, originally written in French: 'But to-day, dear William, my task is harder and greater even than before. Italy is born, but we must now establish her firmly on the throne; fuse together the many elements of which she is composed; harmonize the north and the south. This is a much more difficult task than a war against Austria or the struggle with Rome.'

Italia, as we know, was not content. She wanted Rome and Venice. And Cavour wrote letter after letter to certain leaders of the Hungarian people with a view to combining with them for an attack on Austria. Other letters he wrote also to his emissaries, ecclesiastic and secular, in order to see whether it were possible that Pius IX could be brought to repeat that beautiful phrase of '48: 'Thou Great God, bless Italy!'

Italia read these words: 'Italy, first-born daughter of Holy Mother Church, went a little astray in 1849, but now she is regenerate and governed by wise and honest men. O Holy Father, welcome her within the sacred walls of Rome!'

At the approach of Easter, 1861, Cavour was expecting to receive from Rome 'a branch of olive, the symbol of eternal peace between the Church and State, between the Papacy and the Italian people.'

And Italia read also these words: 'If this peace prevails, the joy of the world will be greater than that which was caused, nineteen centuries ago, by the entrance of the Lord into Jerusalem!'

And again: 'The irritating question of the temporal power of the Church will disappear; the Pope will be more powerful in Rome than any of his predecessors ever was, because Italy will be the devoted and zealous protector of the Papacy, as her most splendid national institution.'

'Have you too become a poet, Papa Cavour?'

'A pity, my daughter, if a statesman cannot be a poet as well!'

But Pius IX harbored bitter memories of the events that took place after he had spoken those memorable words, 'Thou Great God, bless Italy!' when in Rome in 1849, as he said: 'All the demagogues of Italy had gathered and let off their musket-volleys at the Quirinal itself.'

As Pius IX was a weak man, though Pope, I believe that he took this expression of Cavour's desire as an impertinence.

And this man, who after all was not devoid of intelligence, interpreted the pious and persuasive words of Cavour,

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'Open your arms, Holy Father, to Italy your first-born!' as meaning 'One way or the other, we shall see the same thing at Rome.'

Before the outbreak of the war of liberation of 1859, during a tour in Romagna in 1857, he had told some of his friends of the old-time liberal stamp how he would always regard the question of united Italy, saying: 'Piedmont, influenced by antireligious ideas, wants to dominate the whole country.'

With his accustomed firmness and astuteness Cavour had won over Romagna, Umbria, and other districts. Now he was attempting the same thing with Rome! The blandishments of the great statesman, combined with the Garibaldian 'Rome or death!' were sufficient to occasion the Holy Father plenty of worry and frequent crises of nerves.

Upon which Cavour thus commented: 'The Pope's nervous attacks do not alarm me. Being an irresolute and nervous man, each fit of this kind will be followed by a period of calm in which he may possibly be brought to see the truth.'

It was also difficult for Cavour to make France understand the truth. And not so much the Emperor Napoleon, who was both weak and obstinate, but also the grand seigneurs of the Paris salons, who, said Cavour, defended with the greatest obstinacy the Rome of the Papacy, and believed more in a papal bull than in the Gospel itself.

To this point Cavour had brought his creation, Italy, when he died.

TO ANGORA WITH ISMET PASHA

BY G. ERCOLE

[*This article is an extract from the diary kept by a contributor to the famous Paris weekly,* L'Illustration, *who accompanied Ismet Pasha on his return from the Lausanne Conference. The delegation was joined at Eskishehr by Mustapha Kemal Pasha on his way back from Smyrna. As our readers are probably aware, Haidar Pasha station is the Constantinople terminus of the unfinished Bagdad Railway.*]

From *L'Illustration, March* 10
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

February 17. — Thanks to the kindness of General Ismet Pasha, I was able to secure a place in the train that took the leader of the Ottoman delegation to the Lausanne Conference back to Angora. At ten o'clock at night we left the Haidar Pasha station to bury ourselves in the depths of Anatolia. During the night we pass through the military centre at Ismid, where the Kemalist army is concentrated to-day, ready for anything that may turn up. The darkness is complete, but as we stop at various stations we can make out military trains carrying troops, and on the platforms the silhouettes of cannon.

February 18. — A beautiful sunrise.

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We are making our way through the narrow valleys of Lefke, where the train winds about among regular walls of rock. It must slow down to cross the bridges of the Sakaria, which were destroyed during the war and have been hastily rebuilt. About noon we approach Biledjik. The devastation becomes more marked. Stations are in ruins and the roadbed in such bad condition that it offers very little security. To our left we see the village of Yenikeui, of which nothing remains but a mass of ruins. It was systematically wiped out by the Greek army on its retreat.

The Sirkedji bridge, a magnificent structure two hundred metres long and almost a hundred metres high, is to-day nothing more than a tangled mass of iron, the work of dynamite. We have to change trains and cross the valley on foot to reach the other side. Ismet Pasha inspects the work of reconstruction, and encourages the military engineers with a few kind words. We board the other train, which is waiting with steam up, and go on to Eskishehr along the valley of the Kara Su. It is an impressive spectacle. Hundreds of cars and a dozen locomotives are lying beside the track. Some have even rolled down into the river. It was here that the Greeks destroyed the rolling stock when they evacuated Eskishehr, in order to deprive the Turkish army of its means of transportation.

At Eskishehr Ismet Pasha and the members of the Ottoman peace delegation are to meet the Marshal Mustapha Kemal Pasha. When we arrive, we learn that the Marshal, who has been delayed at Smyrna by an economic congress, is not expected until the next morning. This delay enables us to visit the town of Eskishehr, once a flourishing city and an important railway-junction. To-day a few rough-board buildings are the only shelter for the Mussulman population which has found its way back after the storm.

February 19. — By half-past nine the garrison and the police of Eskishehr are already lined up at the station. The Marshal's train is announced. Ismet Pasha, surrounded by the peace delegation, is waiting nervously. The train steams in. Mustapha Kemal descends swiftly from his car, and holds out a hand to his young wife, who is accompanying him. Ismet Pasha, followed by his officers, goes up to him and shakes him cordially by the hand. The two men step back into the car and their conversation lasts for several hours. Through the window you can see their two faces, animated, intent.

The population of Eskishehr has swarmed down to the platform to see their great leader, but it maintains an inpressive silence, as if it understood the seriousness of the time. About four o'clock the Marshal and the General come out of the car together, and set off to visit the ruins of Eskishehr. At five o'clock the Boy Scouts and the school children, each one waving a Turkish flag, line up on the platform and salute Kemal as he departs for Angora. The train moves off slowly across a wild and uncultivated landscape. To right and left are the lofty mountains of Anatolia, covered with snow, gilded with the flames of the setting sun.

February 20. — At nine o'clock in the morning, far away by the side of a mountain appears the city of Angora. The train rolls into the station amid enthusiastic cheers from the troops and the crowded masses of the people. It is a great day for them. Mustapha Kemal Pasha — wearing a long black overcoat with a fur collar and with the calpac, now so popular in Anatolia, on his head — is received by Kiazim Pasha, Minister of National Defense,

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by Raouf Bey, President of the Council of Ministers, and by Colonel Mougin of the French army, together with all the dignitaries of the Angora City Government. Followed by his wife and Ismet Pasha, he reviews the guard of honor which cheers him, and then gets into his automobile to go to his villa at Tchankia, about seven kilometres from the city.

February 21. — All Angora is in the streets and the little cafés to-day. There is an extraordinary liveliness everywhere. The National Assembly Building is surrounded by a cordon of police. At two o'clock the deputies enter the hall. Ismet Pasha carries a heavy brief-case with the documents from Lausanne. This first meeting is strictly secret. Toward five o'clock Mustapha Kemal Pasha comes out with a worried face. During the evening several automobiles come and go, carrying government officials to the meeting of the Council of Ministers, where discussion goes on until late at night.

February 22. — The Council of Ministers resumes its meeting at an early hour. I spend my time looking over the city of Angora. It is very picturesque; but since it was destroyed by a terrible fire in 1916, in which more than fifteen thousand houses were burned in its poorer quarters, the city offers a spectacle painful to behold. The enthusiasm is intense. There are almost seventy thousand people in Angora now, and it is very hard to find lodgings. The Government has placed a hotel at our disposal, with apologies for the lack of comforts.

The heights about the city are crowned with ancient battlements, which in earlier centuries saw bloody fighting. Even the Romans have left traces of their passing, and Augustus had a palace built here, whose ruins still remain. The streets of the bazaar are like those of all Oriental cities. You find excellent tobacco, fruits, and carpets everywhere. Here and there are pretty fountains. There is no place to spend the evening except the Turkish café, a big room dimly lighted by petroleum lamps. The thick smoke of the nargiles fills the air. Mustapha Kemal's picture is everywhere. An orchestra made up of four Armenians produces raucous tones from its guitars.

February 24. — No news as yet from the Assembly. I meet groups of deputies and ministers. Colonel Mougin, representing the French Republic, speaks before the Assembly, together with Raouf Bey, the Prime Minister. On the way back to my hotel I find a special messenger from the Turkish Press Bureau bringing word that Mustapha Kemal Pasha has invited the foreign journalists to his villa at Tchankia for tea the next day.

February 25. — After hiring the best arabas, or cabs, we set off like a caravan to Tchankia, the little village where Mustapha Kemal lives. Along the way the peasants stop to cast curious glances at our procession of carriages. Soon we are approaching the villa and making our way through the *lazes*, or private guards of the Marshal. These lazes are volunteers from the banks of the Black Sea, magnificent men, every one of them, and armed to the teeth.

Our coachman shows us the Marshal's kiosk, a fairly large building in the Turkish style built on a mass of rock. Mahmoud Bey, major and aide-de-camp, gives us a charming reception at the door, and we make our way into a great Oriental salon in the middle of which there is a pool of water. A door opens and we are led into His Excellency's office. There is his wife, Latifée Hanoum, and the Prime Minister, Raouf Bey, who is to act as interpreter for the English and American journalists.

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In the course of an extremely interesting conversation the Marshal, with a calm and serious air, weighing every word as he speaks, tells us of the new Turkey and of his hopes. Our talk is interrupted by the arrival of Ismet Pasha; but Latifée Hanoum, who speaks English and French fluently, takes up the conversation, and gives some ideas of her own about Turkey, especially the question of Turkish women. Tea is served at five in the dining-room. The mistress of the house does the honors, while she tells us of the romantic way in which she met Mustapha Kemal and married him.

The voice of the Turkish cannon could be heard thundering in the mountains round about Smyrna. The Greek army was in full retreat — nothing could stand against the victorious advance of Mustapha Kemal Pasha at the head of his troops. One morning the Turkish cavalry made its triumphal entry into the city. Latifée Hanoum, daughter of a Smyrna notable, was impatiently awaiting, like a true patriot, the arrival of the great General. She had asked her father to offer him the hospitality of his own house. She herself went to deliver the invitation. She delivered it with admiring timidity. Mustapha Kemal accepted. A few weeks later he asked her hand in marriage.

Before leaving the villa, I cast a hasty glance over the magnificent gifts that he has received after his victory from all parts of the land — the finest carpets, sabres with golden hilts encrusted with precious stones — a veritable treasury of souvenirs. Night had fallen during our visit. The Marshal himself led us to the door of his home.

THE VATICAN AND THE MONGOLS DURING THE CRUSADES

BY PAUL PELLIOT

[*M. Pelliot is a Member of the Institute and professor of the languages, history, and archæology of Central Asia at the Collège de France. He is also a Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.*]

From *Revue Bleue, February* 17
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

'AND understand that he will be very sorry for it if he sends there.' Thus did the Sire de Joinville close his story of the vain embassy sent by Saint Louis from Nicosia in Cyprus during the year 1248 to the 'King of the Tartars,' while the French King was crusading. That is to say, he had sent an embassy clear up into Mongolia to the Emperor Guyuk, grandson and second successor of Genghis Khan. In spite of this, two years after his first messengers had come back the French King either sent to the Mongolian Court, or else permitted to go of his own accord, the Franciscan friar Guillaume de Rubrouck, who met with no better success — a fatal check, one might say, to the

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fantastic endeavors of a monarch whose piety was credulous.

Such an estimate would be unfair. Saint Louis's double attempt is only a stage in an effort that lasted over a century, and which was carried on from both sides. No doubt the alliance between the Mongolian Power and the Occident was never brought to pass and remained a dead letter; but, if the Mongols and the peoples of Western Europe labored turn and turn about for so long a period to conclude an alliance, there must have been at work through all their hopes and disillusions some causes that went deeper than the individual feelings of an emperor or a pope. Here is the problem that interests the historian.

In Western Europe there was first a feeling of stupor and then terror that knew no limits when the Mongolian armies, tossing aside the Slavic princes, reached Liegnitz in Silesia in 1241, and when they had conquered Hungary, whose King, Bela, had to seek refuge on an island of the Adriatic. These unknown horsemen, welling up out of the depths of Asia, were interesting because of their mysterious origin, terrifying in the swiftness of their movements, astonishing because of their endurance, horrifying in their cruelty. Amid the general scramble for safety among the Christians, the story got about that they had the heads of dogs and lived on human flesh.

If Christianity was saved, it was not because of its own efforts but through circumstances exterior to itself. Genghis Khan had set up at a stroke an immense empire, and one or another of his agents was waging war from the coasts of Korea to the banks of the Danube. With an energy and an insight that still stir us to admiration, this untutored barbarian knew how to establish a discipline and create an administrative organization whose merits even the vanquished sometimes recognized. But like so many other empire-builders, he was less successful in assuring the succession of his power after him.

Each time the throne became vacant the new sovereign, whether designated by his predecessor or not, had to be proclaimed by the assembly of princes and noblemen. When the great ancestor was no longer there to impose order and respect, struggles began, and it was not long before the descendants of Genghis Khan overthrew the work that he had done. It was the death of the second great Khan, which, after Liegnitz, called the most important leaders back into Mongolia to proclaim his successor. Europe saw only that the invaders were going as they had come, but it did not understand what was happening. The danger had passed, but it might appear again.

The Mongolians, moreover, had conquered to the northwest as far as Persia and in the south brought up in Armenia and Syria, where, by driving back the Mussulmans, they had shown some favor to the Christians. For more than a century rumors among the Crusaders from Western Europe had it that somewhere in the depths of Asia or India, no one knew where, there was a Christian potentate, a magnificent sovereign known as Prester John. The great mendicant orders, the Dominicans and the Franciscans, then recently founded, burned with apostolic zeal for the conversion of the infidels. Innocent IV, under pressure, decided in 1245 to dispatch two embassies, one to Armenia and Persia, the other to the Volga, in order to rebuke the Mongolians for their destruction and their massacres, and to demand that they become Christians.

We know most about the mission that started off for the Volga, which the good-will of a Mongolian Prince

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carried clear to the centre of Asia, to the gates of the capital of Karakorum and to the presence of the great Khan himself. The envoy of the Pope was one of the first disciples of Saint Francis, Jean du Plan Carpin, close upon sixty years of age and fat, who had to endure the galloping of Mongol posts for weeks at a time, ill-clad and scarcely nourished.

It was a strangely picturesque city, this Karakorum, standing with all its dwellings in the middle of the steppe. The second great Khan had set Mussulman and Chinese laborers to work there by the thousand. All races and ranks mingled in common submission to the master of the hour — Mongols of noble birth, Chinese literati, Hyperboreans that were almost savages, prisoners from all the Mussulman states, Slavic princes who had become humble vassals, skilled artisans, priests of every confession, adventurers of all kinds, rascals of every description. A few years after the trip of Plan Carpin, Guillaume de Rubrouck, Saint Louis's official envoy, found there a certain Paquette, who came from 'Metz in Lorraine' and had been captured in Hungary, and also a jeweler, Guillaume Boucher, whose brother Roger was still in business in Paris on the Grand Pont.

The only national religion of the Mongolians in the thirteenth century was a rather indifferent shamanism, quite without fanaticism. Even the great Khan Guyuk was not hostile to the Christians. He had some Christians in his own family and his first two successors were sons of a Christian woman. Two of his chief ministers were Christians. But these were Nestorian Christians, belonging to a confession that had been separate from Byzantium and Rome for eight hundred years — native Christians whose spirits were broken so that they bowed humbly to any régime.

The Papal pretensions to reprimand the great Khan and to dictate his faith naturally seemed a little too much. Imagine an Asiatic prince of that time sending a message to Western Europe bidding the Kings and Pope to become Buddhist! Guyuk replied haughtily that he thought the Pope presumptuous in venturing to declare himself the sole possessor of Divine Truth, and that it was by the will of Heaven that he had laid waste Poland and Hungary; and he bade the Pope come in person to render homage to him and to bring with him the Kings of Western Europe, which was nearly in ruins anyhow.

Let me say a word here with regard to the 'recent discoveries' to which I shall presently make illusions. Mongolian history in the time of Genghis Khan and his first successors is known to us through Chinese, Persian, Arab, Armenian, Russian, and Latin historians, not to mention an ancient Mongolian chronicle that had been phonetically transcribed into Chinese characters. But we lack original documents coming from the Mongolians themselves. The so-called stone of Genghis Khan in the Asiatic Museum in Petrograd, two letters from the Mongolian princes of Persia, addressed to Philip the Fair and preserved in the French national archives, constitute almost the sole exceptions.

As for the mission of Plan Carpin, we know from his own story of his voyage that he brought back Guyuk's reply in two originals — one Mongolian, and the other Saracen — and a Latin translation made on the spot in hit-or-miss fashion by several interpreters; but the two originals were believed to be lost. Only the Latin translation in three varied texts was known. A few months ago a friend brought me a photograph of a Persian document that had been sent him from the Vatican and asked what it was. Imagine

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my surprise — I may even say my emotion. To the philologist, philology is a kind of religion, a cult of relics; and what was brought me now was the Saracen original of Guyuk's reply to Innocent IV, discovered with a heap of old archives in the château Saint-Ange, with the seal of Genghis Khan's grandson, which, according to Plan Carpin, had been carved by a Russian artist named Cosmas.

The embassies dispatched by Innocent IV failed, and indeed, when we remember the kind of messages they carried and the slight store that the Mongolians set by human life, the only surprising thing is that they both returned safe and sound. No doubt the envoys owed their safety at least in part to their sacerdotal character. The Mongolians had respect, even fear, for all religions, which, as the great Khan Mongka said to Guillaume de Rubrouck, are like the five fingers of the same hand.

Then, too, possibly — and perhaps this was due to the Nestorian Christians in the Empire and also to the Byzantine Emperors — an idea grew up among the Mongolians of a solidarity between them and the peoples of Western Europe due to the existence of a common enemy. The Mongolians had conquered the Mussulman princes of Russian Turkestan, of Afghanistan, of Northern and Southern Persia, but the Caliph still reigned at Bagdad, and the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt perpetually threatened Northern Syria and Armenia. The Christians of the West, for their part, looked forward to safeguarding and eventually recovering the Holy Places.

The union appeared more desirable than ever when the Caliph of Bagdad was beaten in 1258 and the Mongolians found themselves coming into direct contact in Syria with the troops of the Egyptian Sultan. The Mongolian prince who was then reigning in Persia, Houlagou, was the son of a Christian woman and had a Christian wife. Both sides entertained the liveliest hopes. Official mission followed official mission. Correspondence increased, not without difficulties, for interpreters were lacking. The letter from Abagha, the successor of Houlagou, found a few weeks ago at the Vatican, shows that this Mongolian prince, a son-in-law of the Emperor of Byzantium, apologized in 1268 for having sent during the last year certain letters in Mongolian which no one at Rome could read. The reason was that his Latin secretary was away at the time. His Latin secretary! What a change within half a century since the little, illiterate Temujin, coming out of the black forest of Mongolia without resources, had become conqueror of the world, Genghis Khan.

We cannot go into the details of these negotiations here, although the correspondence was enriched during this year with several original documents in the Mongolian language worthy to take rank with those two letters which were addressed at the same time to Philip the Fair. Their common characteristic is the keen desire expressed in each case by the Mongolians in Persia to take common action with the Christian armies in Syria. Agreements were reached on several occasions, but always at the last moment the enterprise failed. The trouble was — and this is true not merely in the philological sense — that they did not speak the same tongue. The Mongolians were looking only for a military base to conquer the Mamelukes, but the Christians would have liked to reconquer the Holy Places without drawing the sword.

The zeal of the Crusades had passed. At Genoa, Venice, in Sicily, France, Aragon, and England, people were

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thinking rather of the best business relations possible with the East. Even the fall of Saint-Jean d'Acre in 1291, which deprived the Christians of their last base in the Holy Land, could not revive their flagging ardor. This very year two galleys sailed out through the Straits of Gibraltar seeking to reach India by sailing around Africa, two centuries before Bartholomeu Dias and Vasco da Gama, and they carried two Franciscan friars on board. But their crews also included business men from Genoa, who were more concerned with silks and spices than with propagating the faith.

To these diplomatic exchanges between the Mongolians and the Popes we owe a number of curious episodes, some of which I may mention here. About 1260 two Nestorian Christians who spoke Turkish, one born in Peking, the other about fifteen days' journey from Peking, decided to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. This was no trifling affair. They got as far as Syria, where the Mongol ruler had replaced the Bagdad Caliphate. Our pilgrims were such perfect Mongols that the Mesopotamian bishops, being about to select a patriarch, could think of nothing better than to choose one of the newcomers, although he did not even know Syriac, the liturgical language of the Nestorians. The new patriarch, Mâr Yahbalahâ III, kept his Peking-born companion, and the latter was in his turn employed by the Mongolian Khan of Persia in his relations with the Occident.

In 1287 Rabbân Çauma saw the Pope at Rome, the King of France at Paris, and the King of England at Gascogne, and that was why a Turkish Nestorian, born at Peking about the end of the thirteenth century, could talk of the great church of Saint Denis, where lie the bodies of the great Kings of France, and where 'five hundred monks are maintained to say masses for these Kings, and they eat and drink at the expense of the King,' or to tell us how at the Sainte-Chapelle King Philip himself led him to a golden tabernacle, from which the King 'drew forth a crystal reliquary in which was placed the crown of thorns that the Jews set on the head of Our Lord when they crucified Him.'

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, efforts at diplomatic relations were still kept up, but they were growing less frequent. The plans for the Crusades worked out in the Occident did not sufficiently consider the steady weakening of the Mongols in Persia, least of all the changes wrought by the conversion of the princes in great numbers to Islam. The military party, which had been making overtures with regard to the Mamelukes, had been augmented by a religious party with political results that were very serious. The Mongolians might remain fetishists under their tents in Mongolia, but not in the midst of the highly civilized population in countries they had subdued. In China they took over the religion of the Chinese; in the Occident it was a question whether they would become Christians or Mohammedans. After some hesitation and a few baptisms, and after one prince of the Golden Horde had died clad in the habit of a Franciscan, circumstances decided the Mongolians in Persia and Southern Russia in favor of Islam, which was materially better suited to them, and whose missionaries were not divided like the Christians into Nestorians and Catholics. After the first years of the fourteenth century were over, the Mongols looked for nothing more, either military or political, from the Occident, and as a consequence all proposals that were still made in France or Italy were condemned to failure in advance.

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On the other hand, missionary work of a purely religious kind, working through individual conversions without political ends, whether immediate or ulterior, went on without too much difficulty. Its history in the more accessible portions of Asia is well enough known, but it also had a rather marked success in a more distant region, namely the Far East, about the year 1300. The successors of Genghis Khan, drawn by the accident of their Chinese conquests, and practically giving up Mongolia, had moved down into the region of Peking and finally to Peking itself, from about 1260 on. That is where Marco Polo found the great Kublai Khan.

Now relations were established between the Popes and the Mongol Emperor in Peking, although the documents describing them are unfortunately lacking. At the end of the thirteenth century a Franciscan missionary, Jean de Monte-Corvino, reached Peking, of which a few years later he became the first archbishop with seven suffrages. This brilliant stroke of missionary effort had no future, but curious pieces of testimony with regard to it are coming to light bit by bit.

Marco Polo speaks at length of a Nestorian prince named George, who was considered in his own time as the descendant of the legendary Prester John. The uncles of this Prince George were received by Mâr Yahbalahâ III and Rabbân Çauma when they journeyed from Peking toward Jerusalem. After the departure of Marco Polo, Monte-Corvino converted Prince George from Nestorian Christianity to the Roman Church. Now I have found in a collection of Chinese books a considerable inscription which is nothing less than the funeral epitaph of this very Prince George, and one of our French consuls recently saw in Syria a Syriac gospel which was inscribed by name: 'Sarah, sister of Prince George, King of the Christians.' Who would not be glad to touch this tangible souvenir of personages who were so intimately concerned in the great missionary exploits of six centuries ago.

In this hasty sketch, where my space is strictly limited, I have omitted details that it might have been well to mention. I wish at least to show that the relations which were established in the thirteenth century between the Popes and the Mongols proceeded neither from mere fancy nor from idle caprice. They concerned two great problems: first, common action of Mongols and Western Europeans against the Mamelukes of Egypt, and second, the conversion of the Mongolians either to Christianity or to Islam. In both cases fate gave the verdict against the wishes of the Christian pontiff. Perhaps it could not be otherwise. But more than once the result hung so nearly in the balance that it was at least worth while to have made the long effort.

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COLLECTING PAPER MONEY

BY F. SCHWERZ

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, February* 20
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

People who have the collecting hobby found many a new field for cultivation through the World War. Besides the manifold variety of postage stamps, every possible kind of collectible article was placed at their disposal, and of them all the most interesting were the various designs of war-time paper currency. This war currency is interesting, not merely to the collector, but also to the student of history or art, who finds in it much to interest him, as well as much to delight him.

The states engaged in waging war were not the only ones that had to take refuge in paper currency as a result of the lack of gold. Neutrals also were compelled to print it. But in this essay I shall confine myself to the German paper currency.

In the first months of the war it was the east and the west, the two districts that lay closest to the scene of war, which were compelled to resort to the issue of emergency money; but by 1916 even the great industrial cities in the heart of Germany were forced to make up for the gold shortage through such impressions. The years since 1918, with the constantly increasing depreciation of the currency, have brought with them a swelling tide of paper money. Not only districts and cities, but the smallest villages and hamlets, even private individuals, have had to employ this substitute medium of exchange. From amounts as small as five marks, the printing press has been used by the various cities on bills running up to ten, twenty, fifty, even one hundred marks.

The least elaborate war-time bills were put into circulation in the first days of August, 1914. Simple scraps of paper, written by hand or typewriter, or perhaps duplicated in some simple fashion, and then countersigned and stamped by a magistrate, had to serve in place of gold. This extreme simplicity is not always a mark of the first war-time notes, however, since later, and especially after 1918, the rising cost of living led to a sudden shortage of gold. Very often paper itself was lacking, so that people were forced by necessity to use old prescriptions which had been written on one side only. It is said that in Posen old playing cards were torn across, written over, and stamped, while old deeds and similar financial documents were also employed.

Paper and cardboard were not the only materials used in making war-time currency. The city of Lauenburg, in Pomerania, issued notes printed on cloth. Later on, stitched and printed silk appeared, as well as leather, and aluminum beaten out to the thinness of paper, far better suited for the purposes of the collector than for actual circulation. The war-time notes run the gamut from the most primitive kind of bills to works that represent the highest taste in the art of the engraver and the printer.

The shapes of the bills are of rich variety. They are round, square, rectangular, and of every size. Not infre-

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quently those of small denominations are enormous and those of large denominations are surprisingly small. One-pfennig notes, issued by the city of Posen, are three times as big as the fifty-pfennig notes issued by Hofheim in Bavaria.

Often necessity has led to strange sizes and shapes for these bills. The city of Düren in the Rhineland issued one-hundred-mark notes on the eighth of April, 1920, in which the usual bank-note size and shape were employed; but by the first of June in the following year these bills had to be used to replace the twenty-five-, fifty-, and seventy-five-pfennig pieces. For this purpose the old hundred-mark notes were cut up into three pieces and printed over with their new value. As a result, these little bits of paper have the extremely inconvenient size of forty-eight millimetres breadth and eighty-eight millimetres length.

The City Council of Lindau was forced into an extremely unusual procedure. In order to relieve the gold shortage, the old bills for ten, twenty-five, and fifty marks were printed over. In order to have as little alteration as possible, every other one of the old bills was transformed into a new note of higher denomination. The former pfennig-notes were transformed into mark-notes. When, later on, people began to collect these war-notes, they ran into strange and curious freaks of shape and size, and a similar result took place in the values stamped on the notes.

The fact that in the later years one comes on few one-, two-, and three-pfennig notes is due to the depreciation of the exchange; but when cities begin to print thirty-, forty-, sixty-, seventy-, and ninety-pfennig notes, or even — as was done in Wittenberg — when people begin to print ninety-nine-, one-hundred-and-ninety-nine-, and two-hundred-and-ninety-nine-pfennig notes, it is clear enough that they are useful only to please collectors.

Already in 1916 and 1917 the unpretentious paper money had to give way, and more or less artistically designed bills came into circulation. In many a city and smaller town an unknown and unsuspected artist had long been living, who now found his art recognized. Brisk competition between the various designers brought many an admirable little work of art to light. The printing houses sought to keep stride with this developing art in order that they might apply more artistic methods of reproduction to the various pieces of paper money.

These paper bills, once despised and avoided, sometimes became genuine little masterpieces that would bring joy to the heart of any lover of art. Like the methods of production, the motifs employed and the objects depicted are of rich and manifold variety. Every object possible is represented somewhere or other. Art, science, technology have had to supply ideas and models. Landscapes and national traditions are spread far and wide. The various paper bills really serve us as an education in geography and national life. From them we learn to know the beauty of our mountains, our valleys, and our broad, lovely plains. We wander with our rivers from village to village. Many a quaint old corner of a town, many a tower and ruined castle, remind us how transitory are all earthly things. The old multi-colored costumes and the cozy old farmhouses, or rooms in them, are often well depicted.

Historic scenes are very popular. From the battles of the ancient Germans with the Roman armies onward, the war currency shows us the most important epochs of German saga and political history. Old Barbarossa rouses with his ravens, the knights move again, old scenes, and stories

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come once more to life. Luther and his fellow workers of the Reformation, and the old struggle of the peasants' war, have been represented in some places. Battle pictures from earlier times are very popular. Many a note reminds us of the former power of Old Fritz, of the deeds of Blücher or Bismarck. It need not be said that Hindenburg is not lacking, though I do not know whether Ludendorff has also found his place on the paper currency. The influence of the old schools controlled by throne and altar comes to light everywhere. Discord in the various territories stirs the minds of the people strongly, as we can easily see from the paper money, and affairs do not seem always to have flowed along smoothly here and there.

German poets, old and new, and pithy quotations from them we find in numbers on the notes; but the fact that they must often lend their help to worthless counterfeits with falsified dates — not always without a deliberate purpose to enrich the public coffers — shows no especial respect for the teachings of their thought. Such issues, indeed, offer dismal illustrations of the degradation and weakening of the moral fibre characteristic of the years since the war. One gets the impression that most of these spiritual leaders have lived and worked in vain, so far as many of our fellows are concerned.

Still other examples of this substitute money remind us of the needs of the war years. We learn how many dead and wounded the Germans must regret, or how many bushels of turnips or potatoes this city or that has used during a year. Or perhaps there is a graph depicting the fall of the mark or the rise in the cost of living.

Yet the paper money gives good evidence of the high development of German industry. While in our grandmother's time the spinning wheel was still in use, and our fathers sat at a towering loom, keeping the machine in motion with their feet, to-day the power of electricity sets hundreds of little wheels to spinning. 'Whether woven by hand in olden days, or produced by machinery, Pössneck's flannel was and is the best in the world.' This is the motto that Pössneck once had printed on its seventy-five-pfennig notes to the glory of its old fabrics and its new ones. The pictures also show tanners, shoemakers, and bookbinders, with their old and new processes, and the tremendous progress they have made. Other notes depict coal-mining, the generation of electricity, and numerous processes of these crafts.

Many a city and many a district has achieved unexpected wealth with its paper money. When some particular issue of *Notgeld* (war-time currency) becomes a popular article with collectors, only a few out of hundreds of thousands of notes issued ever come back for redemption. In his desire for the precious gold, many a magistrate has not held the rules of honesty and decency in too great respect. Not only have dates been falsified, in order to give the bills greater value in the eyes of collectors, but many cities have not felt it beneath their dignity to put new notes on the market that had already lost their value before being printed — and some which had not even been in circulation.

In spite of the immense output of war currency, it is hard enough to get issues that have genuine value for the collector; and in my own collection of nearly ten thousand specimens I think I have scarcely a dozen that really take high rank. But as a contribution to the history of our civilization, as documents of the war and the years that succeeded it, I do not hesitate to give them an imperishable worth.

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MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE

EDOUARD SCHNEIDER

From *Figaro, March 17 and 24*
(LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

To the person who wants to understand the literary movement in Italy during the past twenty years, it is well to recommend four volumes, by the Neapolitan critic and philosopher, Benedetto Croce, entitled *The Literature of the New Italy*, published by Laterza, as well as the *Critica*, the review that this remarkable man has edited since 1903. The only reservation to be kept in mind is not to swallow completely the author's philosophic principles, which are always interesting but sometimes give rise to error.

Two anthologies should be recommended as well: *Poeti d'Oggi* (The Poets of To-day), compiled by G. Papini and P. Pancrazi, edited by Vallecchi in Florence in 1920, and *Narratori Contemporanei*, exclusively devoted to prose-writers, collected by G. Titta Rosa and published at Milan in 1921 by Guido Podrecca. These anthologies are indispensable to anyone who wants to get a clear idea of what Italian literature really is. But aside from *Poeti d'Oggi* these are untranslated books and, except for some few articles like those by M. Benjamin Crémieux or those in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, French criticism only takes notice of writers in previous generations.

To tell the truth, the last twenty years of Italian literature present a spectacle of vast confusion. Since Carducci, whose national lyricism strikes an unfamiliar note to-day, though he has a number of fervent disciples on the other side of the Alps; since Giovanni Pascoli, whose epic poems are equally out of date but whose fine sensibility has left behind a fresh and genuine tradition; since D'Annunzio, whose burning Dionysiac creed places him in an exceptional position, we have not seen a single strong personality stand out from the general body of writers, nor has a single masterly piece of work appeared. The number and the quality of the attempts at poetry that have been written do not seem to indicate that this art is held in great honor among the Italians of the last two generations. The novel, which is almost invariably preoccupied with social or ethical matters, does not show any robust vitality either. In the taste for prose poems and in the love of critical analysis we find the inspiration for most of the important work that is now being done.

At the present time, Benedetto Croce is the man who has extended the most profound influence over the young writers, and it is believed that his propensities as a philosopher, critic, and historian have naturally stimulated other intelligent minds to express other shades of thought similar to his. Just as the sensual language of a D'Annunzio could not help arousing imitation, however mediocre, so the philosophy of Croce, so widely inclusive of diverse activities, gave birth to a host of ardent disciples. In this fashion, Italy, in the past two decades, has witnessed the growth of what can truly be called a cultural literature. And a grave omission would be made if one did not

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include the important foreign influences of Maupassant, Bourget, especially in *Le Disciple*, Tolstoi, Dostoevskii, Nietzsche, as well as Rimbaud, Whitman, Romain Rolland, Gide, Claudel, Péguy, Apollinaire, and finally the da-daists.

Another very characteristic point that should not be forgotten in connection with Italian production is the anarchistic individualism that inspires it, though we may also remark that Italy has remained faithful to the classic tradition of Leopardi and Manzoni. But under the critical ægis of a Croce, the most varied spiritual currents are fused together. If such an excess of individualism appears to be an exceptional law that governs genius, the normal accretion of talent seems to adapt itself much less successfully to this law. The objection might be raised that literary Italy is going through a period of stagnation. This is undoubtedly true. But stagnation is not death and I shall simply mention some men's names and certain books to show that the intelligence of the writers is stirring itself and that a rapid growth has set in.

After the establishment of Italian unity, certain writers were eager to describe the life and manners of their province. We thus distinguish a regionalist literature, which soon became confused with realism. Thus Giovanni Verga, who died in 1922, abandoned his first inspiration to write about life in the world and took up instead those rustic, passionate, brutal, murderous stories and those powerful novels, where a cycle of social history comes to life after the fashion of Balzac, or even more of Zola; and these books, built on a scheme of magisterial sobriety, show us the customs of Sicily. Renato Fucini, whose sonnets in the Pisan dialect made him famous, describes, in his turn, the peasants of Tuscany, and his alert manner recalls Daudet's style. In *Le Novelle della Pescara* (Tales of Pescara) D'Annunzio paints vividly colored pictures of the land of his birth. Pascarella wrote in Roman dialect. But it is the country about Naples that the universally famous realist, Matilde Serao, has chosen for her favorite themes in *Il Paese di Cuccagna* (The Country of Cocaigne). Salvatore di Giacomo also takes joy in singing about his birthplace in this Neapolitan dialect, which was the language he used in almost all his work, and he brings to life with even more ardent sincerity the swarming ruffians in the narrow streets of this clamorous city.

Against this short-lived realism, some writers, such as Arturo Graf, quickly protested, denouncing a brashness in this style incompatible with that æsthetic sense so dear to every Italian heart. This idealism, carefully guarding all its rights, proclaimed the noblest ambitions and pretended to solve the fundamental problems with which social life confronts us.

Therefore the 'social novel' occupied a place of considerable importance during the opening years of the twentieth century. Ahead of any other writer we should name Fogazzaro. The French public has long ago read *Il Piccolo Mondo Antico* (The Little Ancient World), which is perhaps his masterpiece, *Il Piccolo Mondo Moderno* (The Little World of To-day), and above all, *Il Santo* (The Saint), where the author, transported by an intense fervor, reveals his vision of Christianity although taking up a modernist position. Here again we find Matilde Serao as well as Grazie Deledda. On the other hand, there is Giovanni Cena, whose *Ammonitori* (Advisers), on the heels of his beautiful poems, *Madre* and *Homo*, is simply a profound cry of love for the suffering of humble people. And then there is Sibilla Aleramo, who audaciously outlines the thesis for necessary

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divorce and gives evidence of very powerful and human emotions. Still other names that merit our attention would include Dora Melegari, Amalia Rosselli, Butti, and Lucio d'Ambra.

But to Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose genius has covered him with universal glory, a very special place must be assigned. His most ardent admirers, however, are not to be found in his own country, and his æsthetic conceptions of pleasure, love, voluptuousness, and death have been illustrated with sufficient virtuosity only by himself. Such diverse and subtle elements are combined in his dazzling pages, such curious deficiencies are so often found opposed to such a wealth of rich excess, that it is perhaps not saying enough to classify him, as was recently done, among the partisans of that too restrained formula of 'art for art's sake.'

Last of all there is a group of novelists whose racy fantasy, often touching upon the comic, has earned them the name of 'humorists' and whose most remarkable exponents are Alfredo Panzini and Luigi Pirandello. In 1901 the former published the *Little Histories of a Big World* and in 1907 the *Lantern of Diogenes*, which, without giving proof of any very keen penetration, mingled with lively skill a healthy freshness and well-balanced, pleasing sentiment. But it is Pirandello who clearly heads this group. A disciple of Cantoni, yet endowed with a very supple philosophic spirit, he distributes his skill and exercises his powers of observation in a great many different works. *The Tower, Black and White*, his curious fanciful stories called *Farces of Life and Death*, his highly acute psychological novel called *The Late Mathias Pascal*, provide the most successful illustrations of that cult of humor whose theory he has several times formulated. 'The ordinary artist only pays attention to the body — the humorist notices both the body and its shadow and he frequently pays more attention to the shadow than to the body; he takes in all the pleasantries of this shadow, how from time to time it lengthens and shrinks, so that it grimaces the movements of the body, which all the while thinks nothing about it and exercises no caution.'

From this listing of human frailties and vanities, Pirandello arrives at a skepticism bordering on pessimism. For him the world is governed by almost invariable fatalistic laws of which we only catch rare glimpses. To look upon the pitiful game of daily life, and to force oneself to smile at it — that, in his eyes, is the attitude of the sage.

This hasty examination of the Italian novel in the opening years of the twentieth century permits us to refute the judgment passed by some peninsular critics, such as Guido Biagi, that their country possesses no novel. It is undeniable that, above the intellectual uproar that we have just been listening to, we can already distinguish voices that lift up their different cries — picturesque, human, æsthetic, or humorous. In the midst of this confusion, signs of progress seem to be appearing. It remains for us to outline a second period, the one in which Italian literature is now engaged, and to ask what these tendencies will come to as well as what the recent progress has meant.

The second period in modern Italian literature begins about 1912. That is the time when the European influences that we have already mentioned began to make themselves felt with particular force. It is the time of the highly marked confusion that I have already spoken about. And it is the hour at which that delightfully upsetting futurism appeared, when, more noticeably than in the past, the question of unity of language was raised.

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Poetry, which had been neglected during the first exclusively cultural decade of the twentieth century, also took a new lease of life about 1910; but it is not the poem in verse whose rebirth we witness, it is chiefly the poem in prose, as the previously mentioned collection of Papini's and Pancrazi's *Poeti d'Oggi* bears witness. The first movement to stir itself is the one set in motion by the review, *La Voce*, which printed the work of almost every innovator to be found in Italy. Papini ran it in 1912, but the critical spirit emanating from Benedetto Croce seems to have given it a more purely literary aspect. In its pages appeared the work of such curious writers as Giovanni Amendola, who made his début with a philosophic essay on Maine de Biran and later became Colonial Minister.

But futurism took form and gathered together the most advanced spirits on *La Voce*. Papini, Soffici, and Palazzeschi started a new periodical that they called *Lacerba*, to which several French poets contributed, including Max Jacob and Apollinaire. We should here mention Marinetti, whose exploits are still famous. Except for him, all the men whom I have just named abandoned the movement, and since the war we have seen a complete reaction set in against innovation, a resolute tendency to restore law and order to Italian letters. This tendency is very definitely expressed in *La Ronda*, a review that was founded in Rome, in March 1919, by a group of writers including Vincenzo Cardarelli, Antonio Beldini, and Riccardo Becchalli. A return to classicism under the banner of Leopardi — that is the cry of the editors of this new magazine, whom people, for that reason, call the neoclassicists. And anyone who wants to understand Italian letters ought to consult this important document — *La Ronda*.

There is, furthermore, a regular fight going on in these reviews between the ancients and the moderns, a fight that goes to the very heart of the whole matter. And it is a curious thing that it is now not at all unusual to see men first take the side of futurism and then join the ranks of the neoclassicists. Many cross-currents that are explained in part by the quick sensibility of the Italian spirit throw us here and there in danger of being disconcerted, and it is not easy to get one's bearings in the midst of all these variations.

Among the innovators, we cannot fail to take notice of Marinetti, a writer of French culture, the speaker of 'words of liberty,' most of whose works are written in our language. *Destruction* and *La Bataille de Tripoli* give a fierce impression of this debauched, frenzied style that characterizes the nationalist and imperialist futurism that is also found in the Neapolitan dithyramb of a Buzzi and, to be frank, in D'Annunzio, with a magnificent sense of balance, in such a piece of work as *Songs from Oversea*.

Entirely different, denouncing the influence of certain French poets, notably Laforgue and Francis Jammes, is another group of moderns, those intimate writers called in their own country the crepuscular poets — they include Guido Gozzana, the most remarkable of all, who died very young, the poet of provincial pettiness, of unimportant matters, inclined to shake a pure and sensitive soul free from vulgar influences; Corazzini, perhaps less of an artist, who also died young, but whose skill is greater in evoking the sorrow of the past, the secret hopelessness of our desires and of our yearnings; Govini, a poet in the real sense of the word, with a rich imagination and a delicate and subtle spirit, the author of *A Group of Poems*, published in 1918; Palazzeschi, a futurist from 1909

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to 1914, who wrote some light and comic poetry, not without originality, and who is also the author of a delightful novel, *The Code of Perela.*

Papini and Soffici, whom we find involved in various currents that I have indicated, can now be considered as independent of any movement and, of their own desire, solitary figures. Papini, who founded the review *Leonardo* (1903–1907), edited *La Voce, L'Anima,* and with Soffici also founded *Lacerba.* The latest step in his evolution has led him to Catholicism, and both French and English-speaking public can now read his *Life of Christ* (*Storia di Cristo*) that made such a stir. Soffici, a highly cultivated man of equal genius, after having passed through many phases, has declared that the oversage writers in his country 'needed to drink absinthe.' He has written for a great many papers, produced lively articles on Impressionism, on Rimbaud, and on Cubism; he has written war stories, *Giornale di Bordo* (A Journal From the Front), published the second volume of his *Lemmonio Boreo,* and edits a magazine himself, the *Rete Mediterranea.* It should not be forgotten that these two writers, together with Palazzeschi and even Marinetti, have for several years kept alive a kind of literary civilization in Italy.

I should undoubtedly mention still more names. Unfortunately I can only speak here of the most important. But I want to touch upon the movement of *La Ronda* which, in spite of its doctrinary statements that are the target of modern reaction, remains at the moment the most important element in Italian literature, and represents, in the conflict between the ancients and the moderns, the spirit of order, of tradition, of the return to classicism, as well as the desire for unity of language.

Even in 1913, the excellent critic, Renato Serra, an author of charming poems who was killed in the war, declared that this problem of language was the dominant preoccupation of the great writers and the basis of all literary disputes. Even then he thought that he saw local idioms disappearing to the profit of a more unified speech. But Benjamin Crémieux has very justly written that 'the problem will not be solved until the day when, with the exception of a few provincial spots, all Italy will speak the dialect of Florence just as all France speaks the dialect of Paris.'

It is certain that that day has not yet come, but the partisans of *La Ronda* will have worked vigorously for its arrival. Vincenzo Cardarelli, who edits the review, declares in his *Viaggi nel Tempo* (Voyages into Time) that 'it is impossible to conceive of a real art in our country that is not a classic art.' The 'rondists' have formulated a theory of language, proclaiming that Italian is 'the last of the ancient languages,' whose unique excellence has preserved it alive through the ages; and they add, 'To us Italians is granted the express idea of a language at once ancient and modern, inalienable and incorruptible.'

Has a masterpiece been born of this movement of precisians, against which critics cry out because of the return of Leopardi's influence? Obviously not. Most of this group may even be accused of letting their scruples cast it into too classic a shape, into a slightly cold, rigid, and formal attitude. The extreme care that the rondists take in following the golden mean endangers not only the suppleness of their form but also that spirit of spontaneity without which there is really no living art at all. One cannot, however, esteem too highly the prose of *Viaggi nel Tempo* by Vincenzo Cardarelli, the leader of the group, and the lyric poems of Riccardo Bacchelli.

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From this general and all too hasty view of contemporary Italian literature, is not one justified in coming to the conclusion that the most remarkable fact about it is the fever that possesses all these spirits? Although a number of Italian men of letters think that the novel will be the literary form of to-morrow, it cannot be said at the moment that there is any real Italian novel in existence. For the last ten years writers have expressed themselves in the form of the prose poem.

Perhaps the wave of nationalism that has recently been uplifting the hearts of our friends there will call forth a powerful masterpiece, on the same level as those we knew in the past century. It would be bold to prophesy this. But what seems impossible is that after so many attempts, such divergent tendencies, and such a lively state of impatience we should not some day see the ripe, all-inclusive, unquestioned masterpiece that everyone is waiting for, here as well as there.

THE SMALLEST LIVING THINGS

BY R. J. V. PULVERTAFT

From *Discovery, April*
(London Scientific Monthly)

The great fascination of science and discovery lies in the search for that far-off shore where is attained the final and indivisible truth — the last, remotest star, the western continent, or the tiniest morsel of life itself. It seemed to the pioneers who first sighted the bacteria — those minute fungi, distant cousins of the breakfast mushroom — that they had attained their goal, and that Life could not live in narrower confines. Yet to-day we hear of living creatures far smaller than most bacteria, but of even greater importance in the havoc they work to the human race.

To this group of living morsels has been given the name of 'Filter-passers,' and, although they have baffled research from the time of Pasteur to the present day, it would seem that now at last we are beginning to understand more about them.

Let us consider the diseases believed to be caused by them first, and then discuss the methods used to get into touch with them. First, and most important in its universality, we have influenza. Smallpox, hydrophobia, scarlet fever, and measles are among the commonest of diseases throughout the world of man, and are attributed to the same group of organisms. Foot and mouth disease is one representative of the damage they do to the animal world, and distemper in dogs another. Even the plant world suffers from them. For instance, mosaic disease in tobacco plants ruins many crops yearly.

We notice that all these diseases are very infectious — infinitely more so, for example, than the bacterial disease typhoid fever, which can only be contracted by eating infected material or injecting bacteria. We get the impression that there must be a deadly mist arising from an influenza patient —

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that the tiny creatures which cause it must float like clouds of smoke through the air. That fact alone would serve to incline us to the belief that the fatal organism, whatever it be, is very tiny.

Its size is further emphasized by the property from which it has derived its name — the power of passing through a filter. The filters used by the careful housewife to purify her water supply, and by the bacteriologist to rid the fluids, with which he works, of bacteria, are of two kinds.

The Berkefeld filter is made by compressing an earth which consists of the flinty skeleton of a microscopic plant known as a diatom — an earth which is also used as a knife-polisher and a tooth-powder. The solid mass formed by this compression has little pores in it, and we can readily believe, from the nature of it, that these pores will be of various sizes. It has been estimated that particles as large as a five-thousandth part of a millimetre — .2 μ in the language of the bacteriologist — can pass through the filter in some instances.

The second kind of filter is the Chamberland — it is made of unglazed porcelain, and has much smaller pores. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in assuming that any particle which passed through it must be smaller than a fiftieth part of a μ.

Every filter-passer can pass through a Berkefeld filter, some can negotiate a Chamberland, and one has been described — the organism responsible for mosaic disease in tobacco plants — which is even said to be able to diffuse through gelatine. It seems, however, in a high degree unlikely that particles so minute as to diffuse in that way can really be alive at all.

But even a particle a five-thousandth part of a millimetre in size is far too small for us to imagine. The tiniest drop of human blood contains seven million red blood cells, and each of these is more than thirty times as big as the biggest filter-passer.

We can, however, see bodies as small as six-millionths of a millimetre by appropriate means. When we look through an ordinary microscope, we see objects as black specks on a bright background — some of the rays of light from the reflecting mirror are obstructed by the object looked at. An alternative method is to transmit the light at an angle through the liquid examined. In that case every little particle will reflect rays of light to our eye, and we will see the object as a bright speck on a dark background. It is by this method that we can see the smallest objects yet described, and it is obvious that a filter-passer is a giant compared with the particles that may be seen.

Filter-passers, then, are not too small to be seen. The trouble is that when a fluid, such as a nasal secretion from a dog with distemper, is looked at by these special means, so much is visible that it is not possible to distinguish the filter-passer from other unimportant particles.

Even a bacterium is not easy to identify if examined in a state of nature. It must first be 'stained' with aniline dyes; and the aniline dyes themselves consist of relatively large particles. Staining filter-passers has therefore not proved helpful — the particles of dye and the organisms themselves are too nearly of the same size.

In spite of these difficulties, many claims have been made that filter-passers have been both seen and identified. In some cases — notably in measles — a tiny bacterium, 2 μ in diameter, is described from America. Again, in the pneumonia of cows a bacterium is shown to pass a filter, and to be associated with the disease. We see, therefore, that at least in some

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instances the fact that the organism of a disease passes a filter does not show it to be of necessity other than a bacterium.

On the other hand, in distemper, influenza, and rabies, to mention only a few diseases, the objects seen do not resemble bacteria. They are tiny specks — that is all that can be said of them.

We must now turn to a rather important question. How do we know that these little objects are alive? And if alive, how can we be sure that they cause the disease? It is probable that the answers to these questions would not satisfy everyone. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma*, thinks it possible that all bacteria may be only symptoms, and not the cause, of disease. It is worth while to spend some time in the consideration of the reasons given for a belief in the life of a filter-passer, and its relation to disease.

Life is always difficult of definition. But one very significant property of living matter is its power of reproduction. It is on the establishment of that feature in filter-passers that the whole theory of their nature rests.

It is not enough to say that if we filter a nasal secretion from a sick man, and then inject it into another living creature and produce similar symptoms, we have proved that there is a living organism in the filtered fluid. All bacteria produce poisons as they carry on their business of living; these can be filtered off and will produce severe symptoms.

But if, having produced symptoms, we can filter off another fluid, and produce symptoms again in this third animal, and so on many times over, we must come to the conclusion that an organism is reproducing itself on each occasion in the body of the patient. No bacterial poison could produce symptoms after dilution to many thousand times its original volume, and this dilution is involved in the process described.

Again, if we can grow the filter-passer, take a tiny morsel of the growth, and grow it again and again on suitable soil, we can prove that it is reproducing itself and is alive. Both these processes have been carried out with many filter-passers. But very special methods must be adopted to cultivate a filter-passer in a test-tube. It will grow only out of reach of the air; only in special fluids; and only if a piece of rabbit's kidney, or another organism, be included in the tube.

Volpino, an Italian scientist, has grown the filter-passer which causes cowpox by growing a harmless bacterium with it. Noguchi, a Japanese bacteriologist, was the first to grow a filter-passer, in 1913 — the organism of infantile paralysis. The influenza filter-passer has been grown in America, in England, and in South Africa, and at one time or another many other successful attempts have been reported.

There have been many failures too. Even Polar bears cannot rear their young in captivity; the leprosy bacillus has never been grown; and so we cannot be surprised if filter-passers, too, do not seem to love unnatural surroundings. They wilt and die, like rare orchids.

When Koch, the great discoverer of the tubercle bacillus and the father of modern bacteriology, first described his success, he laid down the law that, in order to establish a definite relationship between an organism and a disease, the organism must be discovered in the body of an animal into which it has been injected, and which has suffered, as a result, from the disease. This has proved very difficult in many bacterial diseases.

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Leprosy has never been successfully transmitted in this way. It is doubtful whether scarlet fever, in spite of many attempts with human beings, has been transmitted. Even influenza, in spite of the American claims which have lately been widely published, is still on the doubtful list. Many believe that a bacterium called after Pfeiffer is the real culprit.

But filter-passers offer a very special problem, since in two instances — in smallpox and in hydrophobia — instead of the tiny filter-passer much larger bodies, known as the Guarnieri bodies and the Negri bodies respectively, are found in the organs of the dead animal after injection of a filter-passer. They are too big to pass a filter; we shall return to them later, and see how they may be related to the filter-passer.

For the moment we must remember that bacteria are not the only creatures whose presence in the human body brings disease and death. The protozoa form another group, the first and tiniest animals, as the bacteria are the first and tiniest plants. Malaria is a type of a protozoal disease. These little animals have a life-history; unlike bacteria, which exist only as spores or adults, we can parallel in them Shakespeare's seven ages in man. And it is possible that some filter-passers are protozoa, not bacteria.

Many protozoa can, at some stage in their history, pass through a filter. It has been stated — and, as in the case of nearly every statement which can be made on this difficult question, it has been denied — that the protozoon found in sleeping-sickness can pass a filter during some of its stages. And when we come to examine the reports of those who claim to have grown a filter-passer in a test-tube, we find that they are not identical. In some instances, as in infantile paralysis, the familiar tiny, nameless speck is seen. In others — notably in Noguchi's description — an oval object, with a central body or nucleus, was seen. Such a description is unlike a bacterium, but very like a protozoon. And then we find the Negri body — a group of tiny specks in a surrounding envelope — in the brains of dogs dead of hydrophobia. That may be another stage in the filter-passer's history.

And another fact is very suggestive. How is it that by giving a man cowpox — a distinct disease as far as symptoms go — we can excuse him from the necessity of having smallpox? Such a state of affairs is unique in medicine. The suggested answer is that cowpox is caused by one stage of a protozoon, smallpox by another. Variation in the stages which protozoa achieve in different animals is well known — even in malaria the parasite is in a different stage in the mosquito and in man.

It is pleasant to relate that filter-passers are not always our enemies. A remarkable theory is put forward by D'Herelle. He believes that he has found a filter-passer which lives, like a parasite, on bacteria. He calls it the Bacteriophage, or Bacterium-eater. Space will not permit of a full description of this last example of the law that 'Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,' but it has obviously a very important bearing on the question of immunity to disease.

To make our survey, brief though it is, more complete, we must mention the question of malignant growths such as cancer. It has been stated that warts are caused by filter-passers, and warts bear considerable resemblances, from the pathologist's point of view, to cancers. It is well established that a form of cancer in birds and dogs is related to filter-passers. Many years ago large bodies called 'Russell's cor-

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puscles'—a harmonious phrase—were described in malignant tumors, and might be compared to the Negri bodies of hydrophobia. But, obscure though the cancer problem is, it is not probable that the solution will come from a study of filter-passers—and 'Russell's corpuscles' have long been discredited.

It will be interesting to await the results of the present concentrated attack on the question of distemper in dogs, and its relation to influenza in man. Perhaps in a very short while we may see this whole question on a far more secure basis than it is at present.

BANDA LEGEND AND PHILOSOPHY

BY GINO GORI

From *La Tribuna, March* 24
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

A SIMIAN destiny undoubtedly dominates mankind. According to the Semitic legend humanity fell prey to a serpent winding around a Paradise tree; the Banda tradition has it that we are victims of a forest baboon. The Bandas, be it said for those who do not know, are a savage people of Africa. Baboons, of course, are nothing but malicious apes.

The Banda legend runs as follows:—

In the beginning of the universe, the earth was arid and deserted, and was guarded by a lonely sentinel by the name of Tere. He had nothing to do and his days passed in idleness. One night Purungu—the Omnipotent Father—had a sudden idea that it would be a good thing to call Tere up to the sky and entrust him with a mission of a confidential character. Tere passed through a narrow gorge between two moving mountains, destined to smother any overcurious traveler and guarded by an enormous lizard called Flower of Flame, and immediately met such venerable and distinguished personages as Water, Wind, Fire, and Thunder, who suspended their play of *patara*—a kind of cards—and escorted him into the presence of Purungu. The Omnipotent One confided to him his secret mission and ordered him to return to the earth, not alone but in the company of several different human couples and a couple of each of the known animals; besides, he was given seeds of all the terrestrial and aquatic plants.

A huge tom-tom was prepared on the spot. It was tied to a cord, and descended, like an airship sent forth by Purungu, enclosing in it all the future inhabitants of the earth, and Tere with them. 'As soon as you strike the earth,' Purungu ordered, 'beat the tom-tom as hard as you can, so I shall hear it and cut the cord.'

The descent began—not without emotion. Hours and days passed. The journey went smoothly, but Tere had his hands full quieting down the first disorders that arose unexpectedly: scrambles between lions and lambs, between serpents and goats, between the different humans, who were the

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most ferocious of all the animals enclosed and fought for the conquest of their females. Which, of course, belongs to the natural order of things, and Tere was perfectly aware of it. But all of a sudden, while they were still floating through the clouds, a terrible tom-tom beat rent the air! And immediately afterward a dizzy precipitous fall, as if the airship had suddenly become the prey of all the winds.

Purungu, indeed, had cut the cord. In his unspeakable consternation, Tere became aware that it was the baboon who caused the disaster. The ape, who is malicious by nature even though he is of celestial origin, had decided to terrify his traveling companions, and gave a good blow upon the tom-tom, thus provoking the inevitable consequences.

Like a meteor, the tom-tom whirled toward a high mountain, and animals and people were thrown in all directions. Their terrified flight is beyond all description. And even now they — or their descendants — are hurrying here and there in all directions upon the face of the earth. It would also be impossible to describe in what utter disorder all the vegetable seeds were scattered upon the soil, and in what strange combinations.

However it may be, Tere, whose secret mission it was to regulate the earthly life of all these creatures, had to renounce these projects and look on helplessly while they did everything that they should not do. In vain he tried to make them understand the divine principles suggested to him by the Omnipotent One. No one wanted to listen except the Bandas, to whose region he came after long wanderings. He gave them their civilization and one day disappeared. Some say he rose again to stay in the holy presence of Purungu, others think he emigrated to the land of the Whites, who need his wise management more than the other peoples.

Hadendoa, the modern poet of the Bandas, has now used this legend with the object of passing judgment upon the Whites. His poem, 'The Fat People,' recently translated into English, expresses not only the author's individual mentality but a peculiar and very attractive national mentality.

Indeed, who are these Bandas who, according to their myth and to Hadendoa, possess the best civilization of the world?

'Animals in the course of evolution, endowed with language and human morphology, with a potentially human constitution of intellect,' — thus Dr. Pernet defined these people some years ago, — a judgment rather severe, and, we should like to say, superficial. For Hadendoa and the myth we have narrated, a myth of no recent origin, bespeak a highly evolved mentality.

However, the summary condemnation of the Whites by Hadendoa is founded on a fact which would never seem to us worthy of reprobation. The Whites — bury their dead! Whereas the Bandas suspend them from a palm by their feet and build a good fire underneath. The fat they obtain in this way they utilize for kitchen purposes. I beg my readers not to let themselves be overcome too strongly by this disconcerting information. The thing in question is, of course, cannibalism; but it is an intellectualized variety of it. It is not entirely founded on utilitarian, but mainly on metaphysical, conceptions. The Bandas entertain a belief that such a transmission of substance from the deceased to the living makes the former revive again in the bodies of the latter.

But this is not the only charge brought against the Whites by Haden-

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doa. How do we live? Incessantly bent on new conquests, without peace or respite, in an atmosphere of war and bloodshed. The Bandas — who, be it said by the way, kill their aged as useless, their deformed as unable to take care of themselves, and their trespassing women as animals unfit for reproduction — the Bandas are extremely pacific in all other manifestations of their life. They do not have coercive legislation. To survive among the community you merely have to follow a certain routine.

The Banda does not have regular occupations. He yields in divine abandon to his own fancy and inspiration, without obligations or duties, if also without rights. He is a vagabond that hunts, fishes, drinks palm-wine sitting on top of a tree, pursues wild elephants beating his tom-tom, captures antelopes, slaughters his cattle — all this more for play than out of necessity. This play is always varied. The Banda does not have pretensions. His needs are not exaggerated and therefore do not enslave his body to luxury. He eats, yes; but does not attach an epicurean value to eating, the way white people do. He eats speedily, without trying to excite his appetite. Once a day, at sunset, — the way the lions do, — the Banda squats down before his ragout of pork or a half-cooked chunk of meat. He rends it with his fingers — or rather with his claws — and eats it. He has no desire to gratify his taste. What he seeks in his food is satiety, and the feeling of plenty satisfies him entirely. As to enjoyment of life, he seeks it elsewhere, namely in his unlimited freedom.

It is through this enviable freedom that he comes in contact with nature, imbibing it as an animal absorbs sunshine or a child enjoys the kaleidoscopic sequence of phenomena before his eyes.

Here is Hadendoa's manner of allowing himself to be penetrated by the things that surround him. The following is one of his little verses entitled: 'The joy of hearing the frogs along the river bank.'

The water gurgles and rises in little billows, like the evening breeze.
The branches of a willow curve down like the spindles of a distaff.
I am listening close by to the frogs in the marshes and the bush.
Sing, frog. Sing on.

It is thy song that comes in the vanguard of spring,
Of its fragrance, which is that of still water.
Thy song, frog, is the clear voice of that fragrance.
I see the rocks and islets no longer, I enjoy them without seeing.
A belated boat awakens me, lighting its resinous torches.
All is quiet.
Ah! Fishermen are here, in the midst of the singing frogs' festival!
There is fire, fire under water!

This kind of poetry, in which Hadendoa is a master, makes one forgive him for his condemnation of the Whites who disobeyed the gospel of Tere. In fact, one forgets so much about the condemnation that one almost admires this poetry. After all, Marcel Proust's *Æsthetic of the Unconscious* must be essentially true in large part.

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THE ART OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

BY HENRY BETT

From the *London Quarterly Review, April*
(Wesleyan Conservative Quarterly)

Théophile Gautier is eminent among French writers for the very qualities which distinguish the literature of France among the literatures of Europe. These are attributes which it is much easier to recognize than to define, but among them is certainly to be found a remarkable fusion of intellectual lucidity and imaginative grace, accompanied by an admirable deftness of literary workmanship. Intelligence, interest, a sprightly fancy, an adroit irony, graceful scholarship, a delicate sense of style — these are characteristically French gifts, and there is no writer who possesses them more completely than Gautier.

There are still greater gifts that he does not possess. He has generally little sense of the profound pathos of life; he is not burdened with the weight of all this unintelligible world; he never feels any religious emotion; he never betrays any moral enthusiasm; he is content to dwell on the decorative surface of nature and of civilization. But if we are willing to take him as he is we shall find that there is no more delightful companion in all the realm of letters. Like Scott — as Lockhart's unnamed correspondent said — he is 'such a friendly writer.'

He was born in 1811, and as a little boy must have heard the reverberations of the battle of Waterloo. He died in 1872, distressed by the triumph of Germany and the wild excesses of the Commune.

When he left college he was determined to be a painter, and he spent a couple of years in the atelier of Rioult. It was while he was here that he made the acquaintance of Sainte-Beuve, the famous critic, who was astonished by the remarkable knowledge of the French Renaissance poets shown by this lad of eighteen. Either Sainte-Beuve or Gérard de Nerval — whose friendship Gautier had gained at college — introduced him to the notice of Victor Hugo, who became his literary hero. About this time he was definitely launched on a literary career.

It was a remarkable period, for it witnessed the romantic revival in French literature. It would take us too far afield if we attempted to trace the sources of that movement; roughly, it was the influence of Goethe and Heine in Germany, and of Scott and Byron in England, that was making itself felt among the younger writers of France. The romantic movement was a revolt against literary conventions that had grown rigid — especially against the chilly classicism of the eighteenth century; a return to nature, though not in Wordsworth's sense; a spirit of liberty and adventure in the realm of letters; a new sense of the infinite charm and color and movement of life.

The crucial date of the movement was February 25, 1830, when Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was produced at the Théâtre Français. Both the classical and the romantic factions made it the occasion of a demonstration. Half-a-dozen tickets were taken to Rioult's studio. 'You will answer for your friends?' said the messenger to Gautier.

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'By the skull from which Byron drank at Newstead Abbey,' was the response, 'I will answer for them!'

The reply was a characteristic extravagance. The early romantics rather affected skulls, and indeed anything that suggested vaults, mortality, melancholy, the mouldering past, the Middle Ages — all of which were supposed to be the special properties of a grotesque and Gothic taste, as opposed to the frigidities of classicism. When Scott, as a young man, was translating Bürger, he 'wished to heaven that he had a skull and crossbones'!

Hernani was a huge success. Gautier was prominent, on the night of the production, in a crimson waistcoat. He must have made a striking figure, habited in this fashion, with his powerful frame and his flowing locks. His *gilet rouge* became famous; it was remembered for long as the oriflamme of romanticism.

About this time Gautier published his first volume of poems, soon followed by a second and a third, and his first novel. A little later he joined the staff of *La Presse* as dramatic and art critic. Twenty years afterward he left *La Presse* for *Le Moniteur Universel*. This was afterward replaced by the *Journal Officiel*. Gautier continued this work until his death, and indeed made most of his living by it. He often lamented his fate, and girded at the hard necessity that kept him at work on his *feuilleton* every week except for an occasional holiday: '*Jusqu'à lundi je suis mon maître. Au diable, chefs-d'œuvre mort-nés!*'

Yet it may be doubted if any other life would have suited him so well; certainly no other would have ministered so richly to his special instincts as a lover of art and letters. It kept him in constant contact with the drama, the art, and the intellectual life of Paris generally for nearly forty years.

Apart from his travels there is not much incident in Gautier's life. He had no interest in politics, and, unlike Hugo, was quite content with the Second Empire. He was thrice proposed for the Academy, but never elected. The names of those who were elected on those three occasions, when contrasted with the name of Gautier, are enough to show the futility of the whole business of an Academy — they were Gratry, Autran, and Barbier. But Gautier was in excellent company in his exclusion from the number of the immortal Forty. If he was not an Academician, neither was Molière, nor Pascal, nor Balzac.

Physically, Gautier was robust. It is said that he ordinarily consumed five pounds of mutton and three bottles of wine in the course of the day. Once, at a fair, he struck a blow of over five hundred pounds on the *tête de Turc* — the popular dynamometer — and he declared that it was the proudest action of his life. It is curious that sturdy men of a vigorous habit are often the most humane in their outlook upon life, and the most subtle, delicate, and fastidious in their artistic work; and that it is usually the physical weaklings who yell for carnage, who disregard the decencies of literature, and who generally seek to draw attention to themselves by violence and blasphemy.

Along with his burly frame, Gautier had one mental gift — as distinguished from his genius — that must have helped him enormously in his life of literary toil: he had a memory like Macaulay's. He once recited to some friends more than a hundred stanzas of Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*, which had just appeared. They found, to their amazement, that he had merely read the poem over once while at breakfast that morning.

Gautier was an extremely various and voluminous author. There cannot

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be many things in the visible world about which he did not say something — and generally something wise, memorable, and urbane — in the sixty volumes he wrote. But his principal achievement is fourfold — he was a novelist, a critic, a traveler, and a poet. In each of these departments he wrote some of the best things that have ever been written in French.

We suspect that Gautier's fame has suffered somewhat by reason of this very versatility. The world will not believe that a man can do more than one thing well; it insists on his being a specialist, restricted to one line of activity. If a man is naturally versatile, he always runs the risk of being classed as a dilettante; because he does many things, the public cannot conceive that he does any of them with supreme excellence.

Gautier was, in the first place, a considerable writer of fiction, more successful in his short stories than in his long novels. *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, his most notorious novel, might have been dismissed by this time as merely a juvenile attempt to shock the bourgeoisie if it had not been for the famous preface, which seriously sets up the doctrine of art for art's sake, and has become the *credo* of the literary neo-pagans.

The book raises the whole question of the relation between morality and literature. It must be admitted that the moral and the artistic do not merely coincide. There is great literature that is more or less in conflict with the dictates of morality. On the other hand it is equally certain that the greatest literature of all must have a moral basis and a moral sanction. From the point of view of literature alone, the book should have been either more of an erotic comedy or more of a passionate tragedy. To put it in another way, either the moral interests at stake are too serious, or the structural development of the narrative is too slight.

Le Capitaine Fracasse, the other of Gautier's long novels which is best known, is of another type altogether. It is a picaresque story of the most readable sort. From the fine description of the ruined château at the beginning of the book to the happy ending, with the marriage at Vallombreuse, it is a thoroughly innocent and interesting tale. We follow with a pleasant zest the adventures of the strolling players as they wander about the picturesque France of a bygone century. Gautier borrowed a good deal of the material of the book from Scarron, in much the same way as Charles Reade, in his greatest romance, borrowed from Erasmus.

There is no serious purpose in the book; it is merely pleasant romance in the familiar key of *manteau et épée*. It is interesting to know that Gautier began it, dropped it, and then, after an interval of twenty-five years, resumed and finished it. It has the interest of Dumas, with more refinement of manner, and more plausibility of construction, though without the intoxicating energy of the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

There are few writers who have had a more unquestioned mastery of the short story than Gautier. It is amazing how he manages to convey the atmosphere of eighteenth-century Paris in *Jean et Jeannette*, and of nineteenth-century Madrid in *Militona;* of ancient Egypt in *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre;* and of classical Greece in *La Chaîne d'Or*. The archæology may not be faultless in these last, though Gautier was quite a scholarly man of letters, but, however that may be, he certainly has a wonderful knack of suggesting the scene of ancient life as the background of the tale.

It is equally astonishing that he

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should be able to achieve in *La Morte Amoureuse* somewhat of the crepuscular horror that was the speciality of Edgar Allan Poe, and in the little story of *L'Enfant aux Souliers de Pain* a simplicity and a naïve pathos that seem to belong by right to Hans Andersen.

Though he lived all his life in Paris, except for a few months of infancy, Gautier liked to think that he was temperamentally of the South. '*J'ai garde*,' he said, '*un fonds méridional.*' It is stated that his family hailed originally from Provence. There is certainly a wonderful sense of warmth and color in his writings; his invocations of the sunshine and the summer remind one of the Troubadours. His travels were mainly in sunny lands — Spain, Italy, and the East. The one exception is Russia, and there his preoccupation with light and color is remarkable. Thus he describes a sleigh-ride across 'an immaculate immensity of sparkling snow, that strange soil which by its silvery tint reminds you of a journey in the moon, through an atmosphere quick, cutting, cold as steel, where nothing can corrupt, not even death itself!'

The style of Gautier is masterly, both in prose and in verse, and perhaps nothing is more masterly than the difference between the one and the other. His poetry is almost the last word in chastity of form, in minute delicacy, in disciplined and scholarly grace. His prose is not less artistic, but it is naturally freer, more varied, more picturesque, with a quaint allusiveness and an abundance of graceful images. He was very widely read, and his vocabulary is remarkably rich. It is said that dictionaries were among his favorite reading, and one can well believe it. He rejoiced over a vivid and unusual word as over hid treasure, and when once he had found it he used it with an infallible felicity.

The greatest work of Gautier, however, is to be found in his poetry, and especially in the volume of verse entitled *Émaux et Camées*. The title is apt. Every poem in the book has the delicate grace of a cameo, the finished brilliance of enamel. In all his writings, and naturally most of all in his verse, Gautier was intensely preoccupied with style. These poems were incessantly corrected, and incessantly improved. Though they are marked by such austerity of art, there is here and there a personal note in them that is more pronounced and more poignant than in Gautier's prose. His heart was in his poetry. 'If I had possessed any personal fortune,' he wrote to Sainte-Beuve, 'I should have devoted myself wholly to the green laurel.'

A few of his shorter poems will live as long as the language. Gautier was, in fact, one of those poets of the second rank such as he himself delighted to study and appraise — one of those poets who have written a few immortal lyrics which are found in every anthology. When we think of him we are constantly reminded — notwithstanding the wide differences that make the comparison seem fantastic — of our own minor poets of the seventeenth century, of Shirley and Lovelace and Crashaw, poets who had a limited range but a marvelous style, and each of whom wrote a few poems that are of a flawless perfection. In recondite fancy, in verbal felicity, in grace of form, in precision of art, there is a real parallel between the Frenchman and the best of our Caroline and Jacobean poets.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TO A THRUSH IN WINTER

BY KENNETH H. ASHLEY

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

HERE where thin trees stare at the afterglow
Of a rich sun that's cheered one haggard day
You sit and sing as though the month were May.
Beguiled? Not you! Not you! Right well you know
The season's treacheries, and that cold snow,
Before Spring comes, may still your song for aye.
No! You are Beauty's minion and you pay
Her instant homage when her train does show
In winter's twilight or in spring's heyday.
And I, who wore her liveries as a lad,
Her almsman now, from service turned away,
Hear in your joy assurance of her rule,
And know, although the times are dark and sad,
That neither bird nor poet is Time's fool.

TO A THRUSH IN FEBRUARY

BY JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

[*New Witness*]

FEATHERED soothsayer, what's the name to hit
  That sense in thee so deft to disentomb
  The buried year and people the empty room
Of music in thy brain? What rarest wit
Of all the five we boast, could compass it?
  Dost hear the white root-fibres push? Presume
  The rank, sweet smell of hawthorn? See in the womb
Of earth bright eyes of kingcups yet unlit?

'T is neither faith nor hope, but fierce desire
  Outbraving hope and faith, wizard enough
    To dare the labyrinthine maze of death.
Sing on! They hear: to thy sweet flute aspire
  All the green resurrections; till the stuff
    Of thy full melody shall be Summer's breath.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ON FINISHING FRAGMENTS

THE publication of Jane Austen's unfinished novel, *The Watsons*, has been hailed with delight by most admirers of that prim but excellent novelist. Not so Mr. Edmund Gosse, who takes issue, not with the publication of the novel, but with an attempt to conclude it made by Miss L. Oulton. The publishers, who evidently admire their writer's handiwork, declare that 'members of the Austen family' are unable to recognize the place where the original story ends and the conclusion from a second pen begins. Mr. Gosse observes, brutally and indignantly, that he has 'no difficulty whatever in discovering the place where the divine author dropped her work. Miss Oulton has chopped into chapters what Jane Austen left undivided, and the new portion begins in the middle of chapter six. It is the opinion of the publishers that Miss Oulton has carried out "her difficult task" very successfully. I am reminded of the piece of music played to the unwilling Dr. Johnson, and excused as being "very difficult."

'"Would God, madam," the sage replied, "that it had been impossible!"

'Was there nothing else which this ingenuous lady could have taken up by way of exemplifying her zeal and her prowess? The reader may judge of her capacity by reading almost any page of her continuation of *The Watsons*. Here, for instance, is a passage which must indeed have convinced "the members of the Austen family" that they possessed the real thing at last! Lady Osborne and Mr. Howard proceed to Florence.

Later on, as she sat beneath Botticelli's Fortitude, with her hand on her parasol, the likeness between them (*sic*) struck him with almost a sense of dismay. Her bright color had faded, and there was a look of weariness and lassitude on her face. As in the picture, it was the face of one who had suffered, and would again suffer, before she had laid her head on the quiet pillow of her grave.

'Jane Austen and Botticelli! With what a mixture of laughter and indignation the great spirit of our most faultless satirist must greet this attempt to reproduce her style and her spirit!'

Mr. Gosse, in reviewing these fragments, works himself into a really fine frenzy. Such attempts are, he insists, made only on two grounds, neither of them justified, for, as he says: 'Such a "continuation" of a precious fragment is not less ridiculous than useless. If it is a publisher's speculation, it cannot escape severe reproof. If it is the mistaken effort of an enthusiast, the ill-advised admirer must be entreated to do this sort of thing no more.'

However, he is not too indignant to recall a number of similar attempts. Mrs. Gaskell, now best remembered as the author of *Cranford*, died suddenly in 1865 while her story, *Wives and Daughters*, was running serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The story had gone so far that its dénouement was clearly in view. The author indeed died suddenly while sitting at tea with her family and talking about the characters of this very novel. Nevertheless, a suggestion that one of her daughters should 'finish it' was indignantly refused, although the daughters were not unwilling to give information as to their mother's intention.

Dickens's *Edwin Drood* is perhaps a still more famous case. The sudden breaking-off of the story caused a sensation in Victorian England. Steven-

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son's *Weir of Hermiston* was left unfinished by the author in the middle of a sentence, but his friend, Sir Sidney Colvin, refused to tamper with it and insisted on publishing it just as it stood on the ground that 'the plan of every imaginative work is subject to change under the artist's hand.' No less a writer than Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, however, undertook to finish another Stevenson novel that was left incomplete, *St. Ives*, with which he succeeded far better than the unfortunate lady who is the object of Mr. Gosse's ire.

Mr. Gosse concludes his article with a faint note of apology for the people who like this 'finishing' of fragments. He does it with an ill grace, however, that is rare enough from his hand. It is easy enough to see his ill taste for the business.

'It is natural to ask why there should ever be a question of "finishing" fragments left by illustrious hands. But to this an answer may be found. All depends on the relation of the author to his readers. A very large, probably the largest, class of novel-readers does not come into any contact with the author at all. This is invariably the case with children, who read a book with excitement or fatigue, but give not a single thought to the person who wrote it, or to the mode in which it came into the world. They read for the amusement or instruction which they receive from the printed page, without any further preoccupation.

'We must remember the mental attitude of this large class of readers, and conceive that when they read *The Watsons* what they are really interested in is not the art of Jane Austen, but whether Emma married Mr. Howard or became the victim of Musgrave. When we confess that what attracts us is the movement of Miss Austen's mind, they stare; they have no idea what we mean.

'Yet this reflection does not excuse the laying of profane hands on the writing of Jane Austen, because *The Watsons* is not in any sense a tale which can excite popular curiosity, as do fragments of Dickens and Stevenson. In *Edwin Drood* the story had proceeded to a point where the questions who killed whom, and why, and when, had become unendurably thrilling. The crisis of *Weir of Hermiston* was scarcely less exciting, and the temptation to know what happened next was extreme.

'But the case with *The Watsons* is quite other. Miss Austen had obviously not made up her own mind about the conduct of a tale which, if she had consented to pursue it, might, and I think probably would, have proved one of the longest of her works.'

*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

THE English scientific monthly, *Discovery*, publishes a conservative note on the *Daily Mail's* somewhat sensational report of a dolmen with human remains probably dating from the late Neolithic Age found near St. Ouen in Jersey. The discovery was made by workmen excavating in the rear of a modern dwelling. Beneath the surface of the ground they found a well-preserved dolmen, a chamber of large upright stones with a flat stone cap. Near it was a kitchen midden full of limpet shells, a stone for grinding wheat, and a human skull. The latter was very much flattened and hence an effort was made to give it a very high antiquity. This, however, is probably not the case, and its curious shape is more likely to be due to pressure after burial.

The writer is somewhat more enthusiastic over the 'new' Patagonian skull, which is supposed to be one of the most ancient ever discovered. The English anthropologist says: —

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If investigation of the details of discovery, and of the geological conditions in which it was found, confirm the view that it belongs to the third great geological epoch into which pre-recent geological time is divided, and if an examination of the form of the skull shows that it is really of primitive type, it would mean that the oldest known human remains have been discovered in South America, antedating by many thousands of years *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the earliest ancestor of man at present known, and the fossil tooth said to be human or subhuman in type and of Pliocene Age recently found in Nebraska. It is hardly necessary, however, to remind our readers that evidence for the existence of man in Tertiary times in South America, which has been brought forward up to the present, has not hitherto withstood criticism.

*

'DRESS DRUNKENNESS'

THE financial difficulties of a lady who aspired 'to be the best-dressed woman in London,' and ended in going to court for an enormous modiste's bill which her husband declined to pay, leads Mr. E. T. Raymond into some salutary reflections in the columns of the London *Outlook*. Mr. Raymond sets up a distinction between genuine good taste and mere vulgarity which is worth considering. In the course of his argument he has occasion to quote some severe comments by Lady Bathurst, the proprietress of the London *Morning Post*. But let Mr. Raymond speak for himself: —

'It was truly remarked of the nineteenth-century Englishman that he had a defective taste for pleasure, and a most marked taste for expense. The peculiarity was doubtless due to the coincidence of a Puritan religion and an aristocratic polity in a country of rapidly expanding wealth. The one indulgence Puritanism does not deny is pride and vainglory; and since the rich Puritan had little chance or temptation to spend money in the ways of the wicked he naturally inclined, being bound to advertise his wealth somehow, for solemn stateliness of living. Hence the acres of Victorian mahogany dining-tables and the elaboration of the gold-and-marble console tables of fifty years ago.

'With the decline of Puritanism the taste for pleasure has grown, but the taste for expense is still more notable, and there are multitudes of people who even estimate their pleasure in terms of expense. They enjoy a dear bad dinner much better than a cheap and good one. Like Elagabalus, who would only eat sea-fish at immense distances from the sea, they value luxuries merely because they are costly; they rush for tasteless strawberries in February, and scorn the full-flavored fruit in July. One often hears such a remark as "We had such a night, and did n't get out under ten pounds"; and perhaps a majority of people will smoke a bad cigar at three-and-sixpence with more reverence and satisfaction than a good one at eighteenpence.

'Thus with the frank Hedonists. When we go higher, of course, expense is the accepted standard of desirability. Rembrandt or Velasquez would still be eagerly sought if good examples fetched from five to twenty guineas at Christie's. But it is certain that few rich men would buy them. Somebody would still want a Shakespeare folio if the market price were half-a-guinea, and the first edition of the *Compleat Angler* if it appeared in the booksellers' catalogues for ninepence. But nō ordinary millionaire, here or in America, would give such valueless rubbish houseroom.

'All this must be remembered in justice to the lady whose gigantic dress-bills moved one of our most cultured judges to a fine piece of comminatory prose. Mr. Justice McCardie's condemnation has been echoed by no less a

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social authority than Lady Bathurst. Mrs. Nash spent from two to three thousand a year on dress. Her craving for self-embellishment, according to the judge, was insatiable; dress and dress alone was her end in life; she sought felicity in the ceaseless change of trivial fashions; self-decoration was her vision, her aim, and her creed. "How very foolish," says Lady Bathurst in effect. "The silly woman wants to be the best-dressed woman in London. Was there ever such futility? Nobody who is anybody in London ever heard of her, and would not have been at all impressed by all her finery if she had happened to penetrate to the *beau monde*."

'But clearly the case is not, as the judge assumed, one of simple passion for dress. Nobody with a passion for dress would have sixty evening gowns at a time, or order boots by the gross. No woman can conveniently wear more than one dress at night, or more than one pair of boots. Reckoning six nights to the week, sixty dresses would last ten weeks. Some of them would inevitably become a little old-fashioned — as things go in the world that takes such things quite seriously — before they were worn at all. Moreover, a woman who really loved dress for its own sake could hardly find it in her heart to discard something which thoroughly suited her after only one or two wearings.

'This lady's trouble was not, as the judge thought, an abnormal and even crazy desire to express her personality in clothes. Personality would have been better expressed by half-a-dozen well-meditated gowns. Nor was the extravagance necessarily incurred, as Lady Bathurst suggests, to impress the *beau monde*, or what the lady thought was the *beau monde*. What Mrs. Nash really suffered from was an extreme form of the very common taste for expense, taking, through some failure of imagination, a concentrated and monotonous expression. . . . If Mrs. Nash had really belonged to the *beau monde*, if her husband's income had been fifty thousand a year instead of a poor twelve hundred or so, she would still be criminally foolish and vulgar to spend more than, say, six hundred a year on her personal adornment.

'Why? Why should there be especially "something so selfish and mean, apart from vanity, in spending enormous sums on clothes"? What differentiates such expenditure from the waste of money in any other direction — growing orchids or begonias in vast hothouses one visits only once a week, or accumulating great collections of books one never reads, pictures one rarely looks at, or china one never uses? Is there essentially, for that matter, more folly or vulgarity in overdressing than in overhousing one's self? A house may be regarded as a larger dress, clothing a family instead of an individual. Its primary purposes are those of clothes — protection, warmth, and decency. Its secondary purposes, which — as with clothes — become the more important the higher the status of the owner, are a satisfaction of pride and æstheticism. Philosophically it is no more vulgar to be overfine in one's dress than in one's rooms and furnishings. The one thing may seem more trivial than the other, but the essence of the matter is the same.

'Dress, in short, is subject to the same rules of taste that apply to everything else; and the ridicule which rightly attaches to the dress drunkard is simply the ridicule which should attach to any other form of the vulgarity which associates the idea of expense with the ideas of beauty, dignity, or enjoyment.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Il Mio Diario di Guerra, by Benito Mussolini. Milan: Casa editrice Imperia, 1923. Lire 15.

[*Corriere della Sera*]

NATURALLY, knowing that the soldier who wrote this diary is to-day the head of the Italian Government, the reader will look for 'politics' in his notes. But there are none. If any political ideas are to be found, they are so closely connected with things of war and patriotic passion that one is unwilling to apply the term 'politics' at all. These short notes make the impression of pencil sketches, nervous but firm, through which the future complete picture can be guessed. The author remembers Mazzini's words: 'Great things are not accomplished by means of protocols but by divining the spirit of the age. The secret of might is will. . . .' He says further: 'To-day the dirty and bloody trenches engulf human lives. But the Europe of to-morrow will see the flower of greater liberty grow from these pathetic furrows.'

Mussolini, the soldier, is skeptical of amulets and says that 'one is just as good as another in the trenches.' When the chaplain presents him with a pious booklet of religious instructions for soldiers, he faithfully copies these in his diary, adding: 'I do not comment upon this, I merely transcribe,' and further adds: 'Who has not paid his tribute to the superstitions of trench life? I confess: I also wear on my little finger a ring made from a horseshoe nail.'

But the true value of the book is in the austere and ardent sense of war for a right cause that emanates from the simply and vigorously written pages. He is a soldier who sees the drawbacks but knows that he is not there in order to criticize. He makes his observations but does not press them. The thing that matters is for everyone to do his duty. His notes make the reader feel the supreme significance of the wounded men's stoicism, to which he alludes with manly emotion. His characterization of the fighters' morale is always short, but gives a complete psychoanalysis that would require pages by another writer.

Once in a while a note reveals sentiment — not sentimentality — always discreetly worded and never affected, as when, on a rainy Christmas morning, to the accompaniment of incessant cannonade, Mussolini sits down to write a few fragmentary childhood reminiscences.

Recent Revelations on European Diplomacy, by G. P. Gooch. London: 1923. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE proceedings of the British Institute of International Affairs, a society which was founded shortly after the conclusion of the Peace Conference, are, we understand, generally kept strictly confidential. An exception, however, has been made in the case of this paper by Mr. Gooch, which was read at a meeting of the Institute and is reprinted from the *Journal*. Mr. Gooch has managed within a comparatively short space to give an admirable critical survey of the more important foreign books which have appeared during the last few years. The whole literature is one of great interest and importance; never before have we had so full a revelation as to great events so soon after they took place. The literature is also of immediate and real value for its bearing on the problem of what is called 'responsibilities,' which is still exercising, to a degree perhaps hardly realized in this country, public opinion in Germany and abroad.

It is inevitable that Mr. Gooch should indicate the conclusions which he reaches; he does so, as all who know his other writings would expect, with a singular freedom from partiality, in a few carefully phrased sentences. He completely exculpates France, and in particular M. Poincaré, from the charges frequently made, not only by German but also by English and American writers: —

'If it is impossible to concede his claim, that for many years France had done everything possible to avert the cataclysm, there is no foundation for the widely held belief that the President desired war.'

His general conclusion is: 'Though the conduct of each of the belligerents appeared to its enemies to indicate a double dose of original sin, it was nevertheless in every case what might have been expected.'

Egypt and the Old Testament, by T. Eric Peet, Professor of Egyptology in the University of Liverpool. London, 1923. 5*s.*

History of Roman Religion, by W. R. Halliday B.A., B.Litt., Professor of History in the University of Liverpool. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 5*s.*

[Edward Shillito in the *Sunday Times*]

THESE books are not meant to be 'popular' in the sense in which that word is commonly used. They are written for thoughtful readers who wish to keep in touch with lines of study which are not their own peculiar concern. This end these two books will serve excellently.

Mr. Peet has been fortunate in his hour. Everyone is talking Egypt; and almost the first thing the reader will do in opening the book will be to look for Tutankhamen. He will find him

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in his historic place in Chapter VI, but the book has a theme to which it keeps closely, and in that theme the king of whom we are thinking has no great place. Mr. Peet has all the caution of the true scholar — perhaps too much caution, but it is a fault on the right side. He knows of all the wild, and sometimes unscrupulous, use made by certain writers, whose excellent purpose it is to vindicate the Biblical narratives; and he has the scholar's hesitation to go beyond the precise evidence. In archæology there must often be a lack of definiteness. Scholars, for example, accepting the same astronomical methods of deciding dates, differ by 2000 years one from another when they set about fixing a date for one dynasty!

The evidence that bears upon the relations between Egypt and Palestine is given by Mr. Peet carefully. He is not a partisan; his attitude is rather indicated by the phrase, 'Is it so certain?' It is unlikely that the negative critics who deny the historicity of the early records of Israel, or the very positive critics who find them confirmed by scanty inferences from Egyptian remains, will find much grist for their mills. But the calm weighing of evidence will be of great value to both.

The book upon Roman religion is excellent, and for all classical scholars whose memories are rusty it will be of great interest. Roman religion in itself, as Warde Fowler proved, can be a most fascinating subject; it has also a bearing both upon the study of the Latin classics, and, for an even wider audience, upon the religious life of the world into which Christianity came. Mr. Halliday has rendered a valuable service through his scholarly work. We shall look forward to the other works of this series.

Great and Small Things, by Sir Ray Lankester. London: Methuen, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

THERE is no living writer with a happier knack of conveying scientific truth or exciting scientific curiosity than that possessed by Sir Ray Lankester, and his last volume is a worthy successor of that fascinating book, *Science from an Easy Chair*, one of the most valuable, as it was one of the most successful, of the excellent class to which it belongs. *Great and Small Things* includes papers on a miscellaneous collection of subjects of widely differing interest, all relating to the study of living things, 'ranging from the phagocyte to the gorilla, from the pond-snail to the Russian giant, from facts about longevity to theories as to human progress and the cruelty of Nature,' and most of which have already appeared in daily and weekly journals. Often touching on issues of the gravest scientific interest, they are written with a clearness of thought and a direct simplicity of style which make their meaning clear to any reader of average intelligence; and no better present could be found for a clever boy or girl with a taste for biological study.

The Year's Work in English Studies, 1920–1, edited for the English Association by Sir Sidney Lee and F. S. Boas. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

THE English Association is doing excellent work in producing summaries like this, in which specialists deal with the books and papers that have keenly interested them — in contrast to the ready and often hasty reports of the press in general. Exact references to periodicals are particularly valuable, as these are not easily kept in the mind or the library of most students. Our only suggestion is that really bad, inefficient, or freakish books should not be mentioned at all, or more frankly treated. More space is desirable for good books and investigations of importance to letters. Sir Sidney Lee's section on Shakespeare is worth special attention; also that on the Nineteenth Century by Professor Herford, which includes a notice at some length of Professor Elton's fine *Survey*, 1830–80, and Wordsworth's French lady and daughter. More might have been said of the Byron problem raised in *Astarte*. Elsewhere, new work on such dissimilar heroines as Vanessa and Dorothy Osborne is noted. The zeal shown in disinterring or renovating all sorts of authors is amazing, and vastly fortified by American theses. What is chiefly wanted to-day is a guide to literary taste with frank denunciation of the second-rate.

BOOKS MENTIONED

FRIBOURG, ANDRÉ. *Les Semeurs de Haine.* Paris: Chapelet éditeurs, 1923.

LANDWEHR, GENERAL OTTOKAR. *Übervölkertes Land.* Vienna: Verlag W. Braumüller, 1923.

ONCKEN, HERMANN. *The Historical Rhine Policy of the French.* Stuttgart-Gotha: F. A. Perthese, A-G., 1922.

PAPINI, GIOVANNI. *Life of Christ.* Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1923. $3.50.

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